B. R. B. Haydon
1845
HAYDON

TESTIMONIES

TO THE

GENIUS AND MEMORY

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

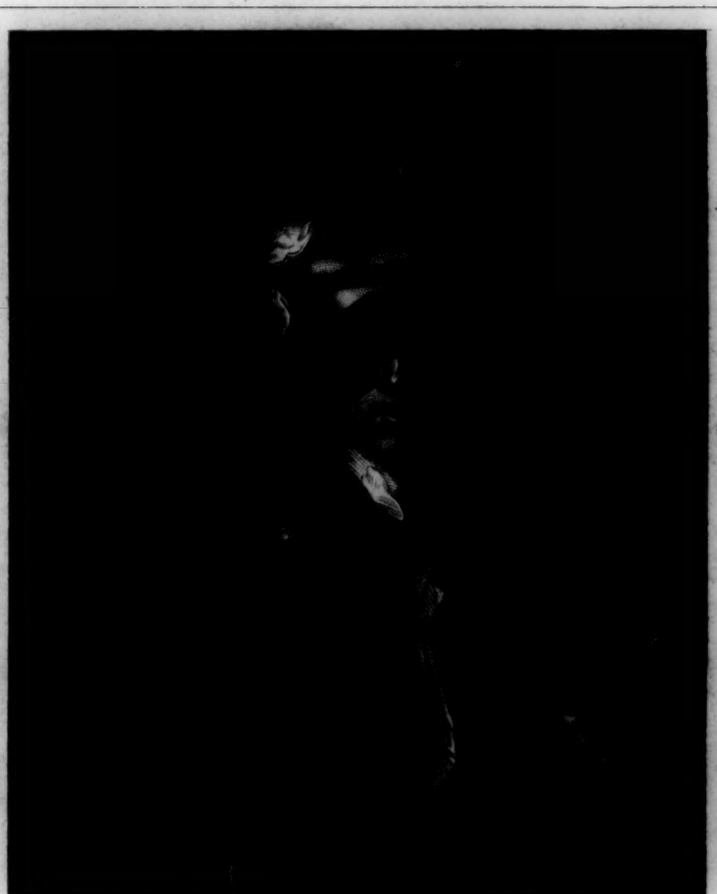
[Price 5s.]

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Drawn by W. Westall A.R.A. Engraved by E. Finden.

PLYMPTON, DEVONSHIRE.

BIRTH PLACE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



Sir Joshua Reynolds Knt.

Engraved by Robert Cooper from a Drawing by John Jackson.

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TO THE

GENIUS AND MEMORY

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF IMPERFECT HINTS TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

——— "Thy Genius is fled up to the Stars from whence it came."——

STERNE.

"Thy name ſhall live, and, like Heaven's ſacred fire,
"Succeeding Artiſts kindle and inſpire."

ANON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.

MDCCXCII.

1792

Sir Joshua Reynolds

N.° XXIII

The modern Apelles

on.r near St. John's Gate Sept.r 1.1779.

TESTIMONIES

TO THE

GENIUS AND MEMORY

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

CURIOSITY is awakened by the death of every celebrated name; and Sir Joſhua Reynolds has long been an object of the public notice, from the uncommon eminence he arrived at in the art he profeſſed, and from his amiable manners and highly cultivated mind.

Future ages will wiſh to have ſome account of a man whoſe works have been for years a leading topic with the amateurs of the polite arts throughout Europe, and which will be mentioned with the higheſt reſpect as long as a taſte for nature and genius exiſts.

This diſtinguiſhed ornament of the Engliſh nation was born at *Plympton*, a ſmall town in Devonſhire, July 16, 1723. His father kept a grammar-ſchool there, and was beloved and reſpected for his learning, variety of knowledge, and philanthropy. He had a very numerous family, which, though a heavy tax on his ſlender income, never depreſſed his ſpirits; he was aſſiduous in the cultivation of the minds of his children, amidſt whom his ſon Joſhua ſhone conſpicuous, diſcovering a happy knowledge of his author, a genius for writing, and a natural propenſity to drawing, much applauded by his friends and intimates. Emulation was a diſtinguiſhing feature in the mind of young Reynolds: this his father perceived with the delight natural to a parent; but, having no better proſpect in view, intended him for the Church, and ſent him to one of our Univerſities.

Soon after this period he grew paſſionately fond of painting; but he did not determine on this life as a profeſſion, till he met with Jonathan Richardſon's "Theory of Painting," which conveyed to his tender mind that genial influence neceſſary to awaken and call forth the dormant ſeeds of inſpiration *.

* An editor of the works of Richardſon thus dedicates his book to Sir Joſhua.

"SIR, May 4, 1773.

"A new and improved edition of the works of Jonathan Richardſon cannot be inſcribed with ſo much propriety to any body as to you. The author has, in his "Theory of Painting," diſcourſed with great judgement on the excellencies of this divine art, and recommended the ſtudy of it with a warmth approaching to enthuſiaſm. His ideas are noble, and his obſervations learned. I am emboldened to ſay this, from a converſation which I had the honour to have with you on this ſubject. Had Richardſon lived to ſee the inimitable productions of your pencil, he would have congratulated his country on the proſpect of a ſchool of painting likely to contend ſucceſsfully with thoſe of Italy. At the ſame time, he would have confeſſed, that your admirable diſcourſes would have rendered his own writings leſs neceſſary. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient and obliged humble ſervant, THE EDITOR."

At his own particular requeſt, therefore, he was ſent to London, and became a pupil (about the year 1742) to the late Mr. Hudſon, who, though not himſelf eminent as a painter, produced ſome good maſters, the principal of whom was undoubtedly Sir Joſhua Reynolds *. I do not

* In ſome ſhort memoirs of the late Mr. Aſtley, which appeared in the World, and in other morning papers, mention is made of Hudſon and of Reynolds. I will tranſcribe the whole of theſe memoirs:

"JACK ASTLEY, THE PAINTER, OF DUCKENFIELD LODGE.

"This is a biography which ſolicits notice, from the ſtrength of viciſſitude, and the inſtances being recent and well known. It exemplifies on human fortune, and ſhews how each extremity may be borne, the one ſweetened by hope, the other ſobered by reflexion.

"John Aſtley was born at Wem, in Shropſhire, of parents much leſs ſhowy in their circumſtances, but morally much more enviable. His father was an apothecary. After a little time ſpent at a country ſchool, which uſually does little more than turn ignorance into preſumption, John Aſtley went to London, and was apprenticed to Hudſon the portrait-painter, who, bad as he was, the beſt of his time, and though otherwiſe not worth the remembering, *will never be forgotten as the maſter of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.*

"*Aſtley too, though not ſo elegantly minded as Reynolds*, might have been conſpicuous in his art. When he left Hudſon and went to Rome, he ſhewed ſuch parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Cheſterfield. The beſt pictures he ever painted were, copies of the Bentivoglio's and Titian's Venus, and a head much in the manner of Shakſpeare, and, in the opinion of a judge, whom few can doubt, Stuart the portrait-painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

"When he returned from Rome, he was received for ſeveral months into the houſe of a friend, whoſe abundant kindneſs he never returned. He then went an adventurer to Ireland: there his fortune was ſo good, and his uſe of it ſo diligent, that in three years he left the country with 3000l. more than when he found it.

"As he was painting his way back to London, in his own poſt-chaiſe, and with an out-rider, he loitered, with a little pardonable vaunt, in his native neighbourhood; and, entering Knutsford aſſembly with Major Eſte, of the 68th, Lady Daniel was at once won by his appearance. She contrived the next day to ſit for

not doubt but Mr. Hudſon's young pupil frequently contemplated the advice of his favourite Richardſon, who obſerves, "That, as the

her portrait, and the next week ſhe gave him the original. Superſeding the claims of Mr. Smith Barry, Lady Daniel married Mr. Aſtley.

"The marriage articles reſerved her fortune to herſelf; but ſo ſatisfactory was his behaviour, that ſhe ſoon gave him the Tabley eſtate; and, dying ſoon after, ſettled on him, after the death of her ideot daughter by Sir William Daniel, the whole Duckenfield eſtate in fee, amounting together to 5000l. a year.

"The Tabley eſtate, about 1000l. a year, he decorated, built, and ſold. Old Tomkinſon, of Nantwich, who had the honour of breeding Sir Lloyd Kenyon, was the buyer of courſe: it was not ſold for more than its value; probably it was leſs, for Sir R. Taylor would have given 2000l. or 3000l. more.

"This money being ſpent, he was to look for other reſources; with ſuch a reverſion as Duckenfield, what he looked for was eaſily found; and, after he had made two or three charges on the property, he received a propoſal, no doubt very fair, for it came from Preſcott the banker, for a poſt-obit of the whole, in ſucceſſion to the daughter.

"Aſtley had then waited long and loth for this contingence. It did not ſeem nearer than at firſt, and he was eight or nine years nearer to his grave. He quickened the treaty with Preſcott; the price was fixed, and nothing remained but finally agreeing to it, when lo, the night before the agreement becoming final, the daughter died.

"The news reached Aſtley at midnight, and he made the moſt of it by his intelligence and diſpatch. He hurried inſtantly into Cheſhire, and, going through all forms, took poſſeſſion of the eſtate, and returned to town before his wife's family knew what had happened, or could take the meaſures they propoſed, to counteract his claims.

"On his outſet in London he lived in St. James's-ſtreet, where Dr. Hill followed him, and wrote the book, except the Bible, of the moſt ſale in the language, —the Cookery of Mrs. Glaſſe.

"Aſtley afterwards bought Schomberg-houſe in Pall Mall, with ſome credit to his ſkill as an architect, and with more credit to Lord Holderneſſe as an honourable man; for, having propoſed the houſe to Aſtley for 5000l. he took that propoſition as definitive, and refuſed James Payne's offer for Lord Melbourne of 2000l. more.

"With

the profeſſion is honourable, a painter ſhould render himſelf worthy of it by excelling in it, and by avoiding all low and ſordid actions

" With 5000l. more he made three houſes out of one. Gainſborough and his art have made one well known. The center he himſelf inhabited, and raiſed that fine room where Dr. Graham, with ſuch infamy to the police which ſuffered him, preceded Coſway. There too he built an Attic ſtory, which, for the ſurprizes of ſcenery, in a place like London, ſhould be ſeen by all who go to it.

" In the ſtructure and decoration of ſmall buildings, rich as the time is in architecture, Aſtley's architecture was pre-eminent. Pall Mall is one inſtance; Lady Archer's ſaloon and conſervatory at Barnes is another. Duckenfield is yet finer than either. The ſaloon, the loggio in front, the chamber on each ſide, and the great octagon, are all as exquiſite as their original, from their firſt idea to the laſt.

" Aſtley's ingenuity led him alſo to commercial arts; but in this commerce the balance was againſt him. In the different ſinkings on his colliery, he ſunk more money than he raiſed. In the furnaces for his iron ſtone, he conſumed more metal from his pocket than the mine.

" But in the article of money his deſtiny was inexhauſtible. The waſtes of folly were more than equaled by the wantonneſs of fortune. His brother, the Putney ſurgeon, was run over by a waggon at Wimbledon, and left his life on the road. This at once more than replaced the 10,000l. he had run down in the furnace.

" Eſtimating what he got by painting, by legacies, and by his marriage, he was worth above 170,000l. Of this about 25,000l. were ſpent in art and elegant accommodations, blameleſs at leaſt, if not praiſe-worthy. 30,000l. he told Dr. Warren he had ſpent on ſeven years exceſſes, when he was languiſhing under their conſequences; and, in the ſelf-diſapprobation of a retroſpective hour, he told the writer of this account, he would give, of the remainder, 100,000l. to redeem the time he had loſt.

" Some good is implied in the compunction that can wiſh for more. How more and more actively that wiſh might have aſpired, had it been unchecked by time and chance—if his ſpirits had been diſciplined by diſaſter—if his mind had been cheriſhed by letters and by truth! As it was, compared with his companions, and without literature or moral nature, he had the benefit of contraſt, and that favour which ranks from not being the worſt. Eager as he was for gain, his grave cannot be outraged as an oppreſſor. Impetuous after pleaſure, he abhorred thoſe aggravated

actions and converſation, all baſe and criminal paſſions; his buſineſs is to expreſs great and noble ſentiments; let him make them familiar to him and his own, and form himſelf as bright a character

vated enormities which have to anſwer for the inroads on virgin innocence and domeſtic peace. He loved the pleaſures of the table; but, like Charles II. he made his paſſion for wine ſubſervient to the paſſion of love. He was temperate on principle, he was active againſt inclination.

"He cultivated chearfulneſs, and very ſucceſsfully. His diction, by degrees, improved to great felicity. He converſed with ſuch powers as made him more than a match for men much more intelligent than himſelf. This he did by what Bacon allows as dextrous, by ſeeming to know what he did not, and by the fair uſe of all he did know; by all that conſtitutes a ready man, by whim, vivacity, and very often the fair force of thought.

"A good judge of life and manners has ſaid, that he had a prejudice for a man whoſe Chriſtian name was made diminutive and familiar. The prejudice is founded as far as the convivial charm. Jack Aſtley earned it fairly by his hilarity and eaſe, his good humour and good manners.

"As a companion, he had powers of captivation; but, except on art, or the experience of life, he inſtructed leſs than he entertained. He was more merry than wiſe.

"As a companion in his own houſe, his hoſpitalities were perfect, and reached to all with that ſenſe, that ſpirit, and taſte, which made them to all very winning.

"He had been thrice married, and here he had moſt praiſe for relative duties. To lady Daniel his regard need not be doubted. His firſt wife, the mother of his eldeſt daughter, he never mentioned without a ſigh. Thoſe ſighs, we find, are amply repaid by the lady he has left behind.

"As a father, he failed deplorably; he had neither the cautious ſtrictures of a good man, nor the overſtrained indulgence of a bad one. He firſt encouraged folly, and then was inexorable in puniſhing it. That forgiveneſs and re-eſtabliſhment which ſhould have come from him, are left to be done by his widow.

"That he is gone may be a mercy to the three young children he has left; for had he lived, it is too probable he had bred them in the worſt way poſſible, in the ignorance and looſeneſs of a convent in France; he had expoſed them to error, and then, perhaps, never have forgiven them.

"Such was the character and condition of Aſtley. He owed his fortune to his form—his follies to his fortune."

as any he can draw. His art is of a vaſt extent, and he ſtands in need of all the time, and all the vigour of body and mind, allowed to human nature; he ſhould take care to huſband and improve theſe, as much as poſſible, by prudence and virtue. The way to be an excellent painter, is to be an excellent man; and theſe united make a character that would ſhine even in a better world than this."

Soon after Mr. Reynolds had left Mr. Hudſon, which was about the year 1749, he went to Italy, under the auſpices, and in the company, of the late Lord (then Commodore) Keppel, who was going to take the command in the Mediterranean. In this garden of the world, this magic ſeat of the arts, he failed not to viſit the ſchools of the great maſters, and to ſtudy their productions with the moſt ardent zeal. Here he contemplated with untired attention the various beauties which marked the manner of different maſters and different ages. He looked for truth, taſte, and beauty, at the fountain head; it was with no common eye that he beheld the productions of the great artiſts. His labour here (as Mr. Cumberland obſerves of *Juan B. Juanes*, the painter of Valencia,) was *the labour of love, not the taſk of the hireling*. His reſidence at Rome was the ſummit of his felicity. Mr. Maſon, in his *Engliſh Garden*, glances at this in theſe exquiſite lines:

"——————————— feel ye there
What Reynolds felt, when firſt the Vatican
Unbarred her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
Gave all the god-like energy that flow'd
From Michael's pencil. Feel what Garrick felt,
When firſt he breath'd the ſoul of Shakſpeare's page."

On this ſpot, was no doubt kindled that enthuſiaſm for the genius of *Michael Angelo* which accompanied Sir Joſhua through life.

life *. "The effect of the capital works of *Michael Angelo*," ſays Sir Joſhua, in one of his Diſcourſes, "perfectly correſponds to what Bouchardon ſaid he felt from reading Homer: his whole frame appeared to him to be enlarged; and all nature which ſurrounded him diminiſhed to atoms." And he concludes his *laſt* Diſcourſe to the Students of the Academy, which he delivered about a year before his death, with dwelling on the name of *Michael Angelo* †.

From Sir Joſhua's claſſic taſte we may preſume, that, during his reſidence in Italy, the ſame glow of mind accompanied him as

* Mr. Sherlock thus ſpeaks of St. Peter's church at Rome: "In paſſing under the dome, the boldneſs of Michael Angelo reminded me of the imagination of Shakſpeare; and the ſucceſſive impreſſions made on me by Juſtice, Charity, the St. Michael the Archangel of Guido, the St. Jerom of Dominichino, and the Transfiguration of Raphael, were ſimilar to thoſe which I have often felt in reading Othello."

† "If the high eſteem and veneration in which Michael Angelo has been held by all nations and in all ages ſhould be put to the account of prejudices, it muſt ſtill be granted that thoſe prejudices could not have been entertained without a cauſe: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the ſource of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought preſumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot ſay of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another courſe, one more ſuited to my abilities, and to the taſte of the times in which I live. Yet, however unequal I feel myſelf to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the ſteps of that great maſter: to kiſs the hem of his garment, to catch the ſlighteſt of his perfections, would be glory and diſtinction enough for an ambitious man.

"I feel a ſelf-congratulation in knowing myſelf capable of ſuch ſenſations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that theſe Diſcourſes bear teſtimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I ſhould deſire, that the laſt words which I ſhould pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of—MICHAEL ANGELO."

Arioſto thus mentions Michael Angelo:

——— *e quel, che par ſculpe & colora*
Michael, piu che mortal, Angel divino.

 inſpired

This must be Sherlock the painter but in what world

inſpired Pope to dictate theſe lines to *Jervas*:

" Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy;
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring dreams at Maro's urn;
With thee repoſe where Tully once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade."

Perhaps Sir Joſhua had read Lord Lyttelton's Epiſtle to Mr. Pope, written when returning from Virgil's tomb. And we may alſo preſume that, during this his reſidence in Italy, his mind was in the habit of contemplating what he ſo well expreſſes in a Diſcourſe delivered by him to the Students in December, 1784; for he there ſays, " The habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuſes, till you find yourſelf warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artiſt's like mind; it is impoſſible, in the preſence of thoſe great men, to think, or to invent, in a mean manner; a ſtate of mind is acquired that is diſpoſed to receive thoſe ideas only which reliſh of grandeur and ſimplicity."

Having remained about two years in Italy (where he cultivated, with great attention, the Italian language), he returned, in the year 1752, improved by travel, and refined by education, to England. The firſt thing that diſtinguiſhed him after his return to his native country, was a whole length portrait of his patron Commodore Keppel (well known by the print engraved by Fiſher), which was ſpoken of in the polite circles in the higheſt ſtrain of encomium. This teſtified to what a degree of elegance he had arrived in his profeſſion. This was followed by Lord Edgecombe's portrait (who was a liberal patron to young Reynolds), and by a few others, which introduced him at once into the firſt buſineſs in portrait-painting, to which he particularly applied himſelf, and

1752.

which eſtabliſhed his fame, in this line, with all deſcriptions of refined ſociety; and having painted ſome of the firſt-rate beauties, the polite world flocked to ſee the graces and the charms of his pencil, and he ſoon became the moſt faſhionable painter, not only in England, but in all Europe*.

In

* From *A Pindarick Ode on Painting, addreſſed to Joſhua Reynolds, eſq.* in 1767, we may partly ſee the public opinion then entertained of him:

" Thus, great Artiſt, has thy hand,
To half the high-born beauty of the land,
A permanence enſur'd;
And from th' attacks of wrinkling age,
And from the puſtule's venom'd rage,
Th' untarniſh'd form ſecur'd—

" Its dear reſemblance has, at leaſt,
Been in thy faithful lines expreſt,
In thy firm colours ſtill perſiſts to bloom;
Nor does it ceaſe the heart t' alarm,
Nor does it ceaſe the eye to charm,
E'en when the real Fair is mouldring in her tomb—

" And eminent in beauty as in birth,
When the bright Lenox ſhall as well
In the ſame gloomy manſion dwell,
And mingle with her kindred regal earth;
Still in thy tints ſhall ſhe ſurvive,
With ſweet attraction ſtill engage,
Still feed the flame as when alive,
And (e'en improved by mellowing age,
Each charm of perſon and of face),
Still ſacrifice to every grace—

" For we not ſee the outward form alone
In thy judicious ſtrokes defin'd,
But in them too—diſtinctly ſhewn
The ſtrong-mark'd features of the mind—

In one of Sir Joſhua's Diſcourſes we ſee how truly he conceives the *philoſophy* of portraits, for he thus writes: "Du Piles recom-

Each charmer's attitude and air
Th' internal character declare;
With eaſe the varied temper we deſcry
The full-ſoul beaming from th' expreſſive eye—

"Here, in the ſweetly penſive mien,
Is the ſoft gentle Nature ſeen,
And chaſte reſerve, and modeſt fear,
And artleſs innocence appear—
There the little ſly coquet,
Aiming her inſidious glances,
For trapping hearts each feature ſet,
From the canvaſs makes advances;
Nay, if we credit the deluſive face,
She ſeems juſt ſpringing to our fond embrace—

"And if ſuch meaning can be thrown
Into the ſingle form alone—
With what freſh rapture ſhould we gaze,
How would thy kindling genius blaze,
To what ſuperior heights aſpire,
If working on ſome grand deſign,
Where various characters combine
To call forth all its force, and rouſe thy native fire!—

"And that thy hand can equally excel,
E'en in this noble part,
This ſhining branch of thy expreſſive art,
To its own happy labour we appeal,
To that rich piece whoſe pleaſing fiction
And ſplendid tints, with full conviction,
Strike the ſpectator, while he views
Thalia and the Tragic Muſe,
Each eager on her ſide to engage
The unrival'd Roſcius of the Britiſh ſtage—

recommends, to us portrait-painters, to add grace and dignity to the characters of thoſe whoſe pictures we draw: ſo far he is undoubtedly right; but, unluckily, he deſcends to particulars, and gives his own idea of *grace* and *dignity*:—'If (ſays he) you draw perſons of high character and dignity, they ought to be drawn in ſuch an attitude, that the portrait muſt ſeem to ſpeak to us of themſelves, and, as it were, to ſay to us—*Stop, take notice of me, I am that invincible king, ſurrounded with majeſty; I am that valiant commander who ſtruck terror every where; I am that great miniſter who knew all the ſtrings of politicks; I am that magiſtrate of conſummate wiſdom and probity*—' He goes on in this manner with all the characters he can think on. We may contraſt the tumour of this preſumptuous loftineſs with the natural

"Stern and erect the buſkin'd dame,
In high dramatick wrath appears,
With energy ſupports her claim,
And ſeems to thunder in his ears;
While the inveighing comic Fair,
With aſpect ſly, and artful air,
To draw her favourite to her arms,
Strains every nerve; but, as ſhe ſtrives,
With the ſweet attitude contrives
To impart the ſtronger influence to her charms—

"Betwixt them, with diſtracted mien,
The object of their ſtrife is ſeen;
His eyes with wild confuſion roll,
Mixt paſſions, with alternate ſway,
In his ambiguous features play,
And ſpeak as yet the undetermined ſoul;
But that half-aſſenting leer,
Obliquely on the little wheedler thrown,
Portends, though checkt with aukward fear,
That ſoon the apoſtate will be all her own."

unaf-

unaffected air of the portraits of Titian, where dignity, ſeeming to be natural and inherent, draws ſpontaneous reverence, and, inſtead of being thus vainly aſſumed, has the appearance of an unalienable adjunct; whereas ſuch pompous and laboured inſolence of grandeur is ſo far from creating reſpect, that it betrays vulgarity and meanneſs, and new-acquired conſequence."

By contemplating the portraits of the great maſters, and with a mind capable of illuſtrating their beauties, he formed a manner of portrait-painting almoſt peculiar to himſelf, partaking, in ſome degree, of their ſeveral excellencies. His portraits poſſeſs a degree of merit ſuperior to being mere portraits; they imbibe the dignity of hiſtory.

Mr. Walpole, ſpeaking of Vandyck, ſays, "I can forgive him any inſipid portraits of, perhaps, inſipid people, when he ſhewed himſelf capable of conceiving and tranſmitting the idea of the greateſt man of the age." And, ſpeaking of Kneller, the ſame elegant writer obſerves, "We, however, who ſee King William, the Czar Peter, Marlborough, Newton, Dryden, Godolphin, Somers, the Dutcheſs of Grafton, Lady Ranelaugh, and ſo many ornaments of an illuſtrious age, tranſmitted to us by Kneller's pencil, muſt not regret that his talent was confined to portraits. Perhaps the treaſure is greater than if he had decorated the chambers of Hampton-court with the wars of Æneas, or the enchanted palace of Armida; and, when one conſiders how ſeldom great maſters are worthily employed, it is better to have real portraits than madonas without end."

The above remarks will apply to Sir Joſhua Reynolds: he has preſerved the *native ſemblance* of ſo many illuſtrious characters, of ſo many ornaments of the age he lived in, whether diſtinguiſhed for their virtues, their beauty, their genius, or their literary attainments,

tainments, that we leſs regret the few great Hiſtorical Paintings which Sir Joſhua's pencil has given us.

Among numerous other portraits which this great artiſt has tranſmitted to us, we muſt be immediately ſtruck with the following names:

Admiral Boſcawen. Lord Anſon. Pulteney, Earl of Bath. Marquis of Granby. William Henry Duke of Cumberland. Lord Amherſt*. Counteſs of Coventry. Laurence Sterne†. Mr.

* This portrait is handſomely recorded in "A Poetical Epiſtle to Sir Joſhua Reynolds," printed in 1777; but a fear is ſuggeſted as to the *fleetineſs* of the colouring. Sir Joſhua once obſerved, "that it could not but be allowed he frequently came off *with flying colours*."

† On Mr. Sterne's death, the following tribute to his memory appeared:

"With wit and genuine humour, to diſpel
From the deſponding boſom gloomy care,
And bid the guſhing tear, at the ſad tale
Of hapleſs love or filial grief, to flow
From the full ſympathiſing heart—theſe powers
Were thine, Oh Sterne! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er th' emblazon'd hearſe,
Proclaiming honour where no virtue ſhone,)
But the ſad tribute of a heart-felt ſigh.
What though no taper caſt its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir ſing requiems o'er thy tomb;
The humbler grief of friendſhip is not mute,
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn treſſes careleſsly entwin'd
With olive foliage at the cloſe of day,
Shall chaunt her plaintive veſpers at thy grave—
Thy ſhade too, gentle Monk, mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erſt his ſweet benevolence beſtowed
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The ſod which reſted on thy aged breaſt."

We

Mr. Samuel Dyer. Goldſmith, *the pride of Auburn's dale* *. Hawkeſworth. Dr. Leland. Elizabeth Piercy, Counteſs of Nor-

We may ſay too in his own words: "Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him; a footway croſſing the church-yard cloſe by the ſide of his grave, not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it; and ſighing as he walks on, *Alas, poor Yorick!*"

* "Long for thy ſake the peaſant's tear ſhall flow,
And many a virgin-boſom heave with woe;
For thee ſhall ſorrow ſadden all the ſcene,
And every paſtime periſh on the green;
The ſturdy farmer ſhall ſuſpend his tale,
The woodman's ballad ſhall no more regale;
No more ſhall mirth each ruſtic ſport inſpire,
But every frolic, every feat, ſhall tire.
No more the evening gambol ſhall delight,
Nor moonſhine revels crown the vacant night,
But groupes of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a ſad aſſembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewell! and farewell, Auburn's bliſs!
The baſhful lover, and the yielded kiſs!
The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing foreſt, and the whiſpering ſhade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that whiſtled as it went;
Theſe ſhall no longer charm the ploughman's care,
But ſighs ſhall fill the pauſes of deſpair.

"Goldſmith, adieu! the "book-learned prieſt" for thee
Shall now in vain poſſeſs his feſtive glee,
The oft-heard jeſt in vain he ſhall reveal,
For now, alas! the jeſt he cannot feel.
But ruddy damſels o'er thy tomb ſhall bend,
And conſcious weep for their and Virtue's friend:
The milk-maid ſhall reject the ſhepherd's ſong,
And ceaſe to carol as ſhe toils along.

All

Northumberland. Marquis and Marchioneſs of Taviſtock. Charles Townſend. Harry Woodward, the Comedian. Mr. Foote. Lady Sarah Bunbury. Kitty Fiſher. Nancy Parſons. Omiah. Dr. Hunter, in the Council-room at Somerſet-houſe. Rev. Za-

All Auburn ſhall bewail the fatal day,
When from her fields their pride was ſnatched away;
And even the matron of the creſſy take,
In piteous plight her palſied head ſhall ſhake,
While all adown the furrows of her face,
Slow ſhall the lingering tears each other trace.

" And, oh my child! ſeverer woes remain
To all the houſeleſs, and unſhelter'd train:
Thy fate ſhall ſadden many an humble gueſt,
And heap freſh anguiſh on the beggar's breaſt.
For dear wert thou to all the ſons of pain,
To all that wander, ſorrow, or complain;
Dear to the learned, to the ſimple dear,
For daily bleſſings mark'd thy virtuous year.
The rich received a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the ſtranger found a bed.
Diſtreſs came always ſmiling from thy door,
For God had made thee agent to the poor;
Had form'd thy feelings on the nobleſt plan,
To grace at once the Poet, and the Man."

The above tribute to Goldſmith's memory is from " The Tears of Genius," written by Courtney Melmouth; and this poem is dedicated by him to Sir Joſhua Reynolds ſoon after Goldſmith's death, and begins thus: " The veneration I bear to the memory of Dr. Goldſmith has drawn me into the preſent publication; and the ſentiments of affection, to be found in his dedication of the *Deſerted Village*, have induced me to inſcribe this Elegy to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, who will naturally receive with kindneſs whatever is deſigned as a teſtimony of juſtice to a friend that is no more."

chary

chary Mudge *. Soame Jenyns. Dr. Johnſon. David Garrick. Thomas Warton. Newton, Biſhop of Briſtol. Lowth, Biſhop of London. The Marquis of Rockingham. Lord Heathfield †.

* Mr. Boſwell, in his Life of Johnſon, thus ſpeaks of this worthy man: "Reynolds and Johnſon were at this time (in 1762, at Plymouth,) the gueſts of Dr. Mudge, the celebrated ſurgeon, and now phyſician of that place, not more diſtinguiſhed for quickneſs of parts and variety of knowledge, than loved and eſteemed for his amiable manners; and here Johnſon formed an acquaintance with Dr. Mudge's father, that very eminent divine the Rev. Zachary Mudge, prebendary of Exeter, who was idoliſed in the Weſt, both for his excellence as a preacher, and the uniform perfect propriety of his private conduct. He preached a ſermon purpoſely that Johnſon might hear him; and we ſhall ſee afterwards that Johnſon honoured his memory by drawing his character." Part of this character I here extract from the ſecond volume of Mr. Boſwell's Life of Johnſon; firſt premiſing, that Mr. Mudge died in April, 1769, at Coffleat, the ſeat of Thomas Veale, eſq. in his way to London:

"—— A man equally eminent for his virtues and abilities, and at once beloved as a companion, and reverenced as a paſtor. ———————. His diſcharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his *ſermons* were compoſed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the publick; but how they were delivered, can be known only to thoſe that heard them, for as he appeared in the pulpit words will not eaſily deſcribe him. His delivery, though unconſtrained, was not negligent, and, though forcible, was not turbulent; diſdaining anxious nicety of emphaſis, and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity, it rouſed the ſluggiſh and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the ſubject, without directing it to the ſpeaker.

"The grandeur and ſolemnity of the preacher did not intrude upon his general behaviour; at the table of his friends he was a companion communicative and attentive, of unaffected manners, of manly chearfulneſs, willing to pleaſe, and eaſy to be pleaſed. His acquaintance was univerſally ſolicited, and his preſence obſtructed no enjoyment which religion did not forbid."

† Were Sir Joſhua's merits as a painter to be tried by no other teſt than this picture, it would ſet him at the head of his art. This is not the opinion of the writer alone, nor of the mere *amateur*; the moſt eminent profeſſors of the art join in the warmeſt eulogiums, and liberally conſider it as the *chef d'œuvre* of the Engliſh ſchool. In the delineation of character and mind, of air, attitude, compoſition, and finiſhing, it is equally grand and perfect.

Dunning, Lord Aſhburton *. Duke of Rutland. Mr. Colman. Mrs. Abington. Mr. Gibbon, the Hiſtorian. Sir Joſeph Banks. Dr. Robertſon. Lord Cholmondeley. Lord Carliſle. Mr. Burke. Lord Camden. Duke and Ducheſs of Devonſhire. Duke of Portland. Markham, Archbiſhop of York. The Honourable Auguſtus Hervey, Earl of Briſtol. Counteſs Spencer. Drummond, Archbiſhop of York. Warren Haſtings. Honourable Miſs Damer. Angelica Kauffman. Mr. Maſon. Dr. Joſeph Warton. Their preſent Majeſties at the Council-room at Somerſet-houſe. The Prince of Wales. Duke of York. Horace Walpole. Percy, Biſhop of Dromore. The venerable Mrs. Montague †. Charles Fox.

* Of the late Dunning Mr. Burke thus ſpeaks: "I am not afraid of offending a moſt learned body, and moſt jealous of its reputation for that learning, when I ſay—he is the firſt of his profeſſion. It is a point ſettled by thoſe who ſettle every thing elſe; and, I muſt add (what I am enabled to ſay from my own long and cloſe obſervation), that there is not a man, of any profeſſion, or in any ſituation, of a more erect and independent ſpirit, of a more proud honour, a more manly mind, a more firm and determined integrity."

† A female writer, ſome few years back, addreſſed ſome lines to Mrs. Montague, of which the following are part:

"Fair blooms the wreath thy generous hand has wove,
With laurels green thou deck'ſt thy Shakſpeare's head,
Immortal Genius doth the taſk approve,
And bids his poet's glories round thee ſpread.

"O! could his ſhade, where peace, where wiſdom reigns,
Thy nervous page behold, with wonder fraught,
E'en there the bard would bleſs thy friendly ſtrains,
And own his magic felt, his genius caught.

"Theſe would he wiſh (if there a wiſh can be),
Whene'er his Montague from earth retires,
Her form on thoſe ſeraphic realms to ſee,
And tell the gratitude his boſom fires."

Mr.

Fox. John Hunter, the Surgeon, and moſt ſkilful Anatomiſt in the world. Earl and Counteſs Pembroke. Lady Catharine Paulet. Lord Rodney. Dr. Robinſon, Primate of Ireland; now in Chriſt-Church-hall, Oxford. Lord Romney. Iſabella, Ducheſs of Rutland. Mrs. Fitzherbert. Lady Cadogan. Mr. Sheridan. Mr. Boſwell. Mrs. Siddons. Dr. Burney. Lord Thurlow. The venerable Earl of Mansfield. Lord Loughborough. Mr. Erſkine. Sir William Hamilton; and Mr. Malone.

Dr. Johnſon (" the majeſtic teacher of moral and religious wiſdom"), who was through life the intimate friend of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, thus ſpeaks of Portraits:

" Genius is chiefly exerted in Hiſtorical Pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often loſt in the obſcurity of his ſubject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greateſt, is not always beſt. I ſhould grieve to ſee *Reynolds* transfer to heroes and to goddeſſes, to empty ſplendor and to airy fiction, that art, which is now employed in diffuſing friendſhip, in renewing tenderneſs, in quickening the affections of the abſent, and continuing the preſence of the dead."

And again:

" Every man is always preſent to himſelf, and has, therefore, little need of his own reſemblance; nor can deſire it, but for the ſake of thoſe whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This uſe of the art is a natural and reaſonable conſequence of affection; and though, like other human actions,

Mr. Sheridan has likewiſe paid her this compliment:

" Our hearts are pledg'd to Montague's applauſe,
While Shakſpeare's ſpirit ſeems to aid her cauſe—
Well pleas'd to aid, ſince o'er his ſacred bier,
This female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the greateſt laurel that is worſhip'd there."

it is often complicated with pride, yet even ſuch pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it."

Had Sir Joſhua Reynolds made Hiſtorical ſubjects his ſtudy, there is no doubt but he would have excelled equally as in Portraits. This is eaſily perceivable from the ſpecimens he has at intervals produced:

" The pregnant canvaſs his creation caught,
" And drank his rich exuberance of thought."

Had the rage for Hiſtorical painting, thirty years ago, been as great as at the preſent day, there cannot be a doubt but that Sir Joſhua would have left behind him a treaſure indeed! The principal Hiſtorical Paintings he has produced are the following; in ſome of which the poet's fire is as finely diſplayed, as is the painter's ſkill.

Hope nurſing Love.

Venus chaſtiſing Cupid for having learned to caſt accounts.

The famous picture of Count Ugolino in the dungeon *.

The

* Every figure in this groupe is the work of a powerful maſter of the paſſions. For the ſatisfaction of my reader, I will tranſcribe what that worthy man, that fine ſcholar, Dr. Joſeph Warton, mentions of *Ugolino*, in his admirable Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope. After dwelling with great tenderneſs on theſe lines of Pope,

" No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!

 What

The calling of Samuel.
Ariadne.

A Cap-

What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt;
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow"—

and inſtancing other ſtories of the pathetic, he thus proceeds:

" I ſhall only add to theſe a tale, literally true, which the admirable Dante has introduced in his Inferno, and which is not ſufficiently known; I cannot recollect any paſſage, in any writer whatever, ſo truly pathetic.—Ugolino, a Florentine Count, is giving the deſcription of his being impriſoned, with his children, by the archbiſhop Ruggieri.—The hour approached when we expected to have ſomething brought us to eat. But, inſtead of ſeeing any food appear, *I heard the doors of that horrible dungeon more cloſely barred**. I beheld my little children *in ſilence*, and could not weep. My heart was petrified! The little wretches wept, and my dear Anſelm ſaid, *Tu guardi ſi, padre che hai? Father you look on us! what ails you?* I could neither weep nor anſwer, and continued ſwallowed up in ſilent agony all that day, and the following night, even till the dawn of day. As ſoon as a glimmering ray darted through the doleful priſon, that I could view again *thoſe four faces in which my own image was impreſſed*, I gnawed both my hands with grief and rage. My children believing I did this through eagerneſs to eat, raiſing themſelves ſuddenly up, ſaid to me, *My father, our torments would be leſs, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us.* I reſtrained myſelf, that I might not increaſe their miſery. *We were all mute that day and the following.* The fourth day being come, Gaddo falling, extended at my feet, cried, *Padre mio che non m'ajuti? My father, why do you not help me?* and died. The other three expired one after the other, between the fifth and ſixth day, famiſhed as thou ſeeſt me now! And I, *being ſeized with blindneſs*, began to go *groping upon them with my hands and feet*, and continued

* " It was not thought improper," ſays Mr. Warton, " to diſtinguiſh the more moving paſſages by Italics. Sir Joſhua Reynolds, whoſe mind is ſtored with great and exalted ideas, has lately ſhewn, by a picture on this ſubject, how qualified he is to preſide at a Royal Academy, and that he has talents that ought not to be confined to portrait-painting,"

calling

A Captain of Banditti.
Beggar Boy.

A Lady

calling them *by their names three days* after they were dead. *E tre di li chiamai poichè fur morti:* then *hunger vanquiſhed my grief!*"

"If this inimitable deſcription," ſays Mr. Warton, "had been found in Homer, the Greek tragedies, or Virgil, how many commentaries and panegyrics would it have given riſe to! What ſhall we ſay or think of the genius able to produce it! There are many of the ſame nature, and perhaps the *Inferno* of Dante is the next compoſition to the Iliad, in point of originality and ſublimity. And with regard to the pathetick, let this tale ſtand a teſtimony of his abilities: for my own part, I truly believe it was never carried to a greater height. It is remarkable, that Chaucer appears to have been particularly ſtruck with this tale in Dante, having highly commended this *grete poete of Italie* for this narration; with a ſummary of which he concludes the Monk's Tale."

Mr. Warton further obſerves, "That Milton was particularly fond of this writer; that Michael Angelo, from a ſimilarity of genius, was fond of Dante; that both were great maſters in the *Terrible*; and that M. Angelo made a *Bas-relief* on this ſubject."

Lord Carliſle has given us a tranſlation in verſe of this ſtory of Ugolino. And another tranſlation in verſe may be ſeen in the ſenſible Richardſon's Diſcourſe on the Science of a Connoiſſeur. In this laſt Diſcourſe, Richardſon thus mentions this *Bas-relief*.

"The hiſtorian and poet having done their parts, comes Michael Angelo Buonarotti, and goes on in a *Bas-relief* I have ſeen in the hands of Mr. Trench, a modeſt, ingenious painter, lately arrived from his long ſtudies in Italy. He ſhews us the Count ſitting with his four ſons, one dead at his feet; over their heads is a figure repreſenting Famine; and underneath is another to denote the river Arno, on whoſe banks this tragedy was acted. Michael Angelo was the fitteſt man that ever lived to cut, or paint, this ſtory; if I had wiſhed to ſee it repreſented in Sculpture or Painting, I ſhould have fixed upon this hand; he was a Dante in his way, and he read him perpetually. I have already obſerved, and it is very true, there are certain ideas which cannot be communicated by words, but by Sculpture or Painting only; it would be ridiculous then on this occaſion to undertake to deſcribe this admirable *Bas-relief*; it is enough for my preſent purpoſe to ſay, there are attitudes and airs of heads ſo proper to the ſubject, that they carry the imagination

A Lady in the character of St. Agnes.
Thais.

Dio-

nation beyond what the hiſtorian or poet could poſſibly; for the reſt I muſt refer to the thing itſelf. It is true, a genius equal to that of Michael Angelo may form to itſelf as ſtrong and proper expreſſions as theſe; but where is that genius? Nor can he even communicate them to another, unleſs he has alſo a hand like that of Michael Angelo, and will take that way of doing it.

"And could we ſee the ſame ſtory painted by the ſame great maſter, it will eaſily be conceived that this muſt carry the matter ſtill further; there we might have had all the advantages of expreſſion which the addition of colours would have given; and the colouring of Michael Angelo was as proper to that, as his genius was to the ſtory in general; theſe would have ſhewn us the pale and livid fleſh of the dead and dying figures, the redneſs of eyes and bluiſh lips of the Count, the darkneſs and horror of the priſon, and other circumſtances beſides the habits (for, in the *Bas-relief*, all the figures are naked as more proper for ſculpture); theſe might be continued ſo as to expreſs the quality of the perſons, the more to excite our pity, as well as to enrich the picture by their variety.

"Thus Hiſtory begins; Poetry raiſes higher, not by embelliſhing the ſtory, but by additions purely poetical. Sculpture goes yet further, and Painting completes and perfects, and that only can."

The Honourable Horace Walpole (now Lord Orford) thus ſubſcribes to the fame of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his Anecdotes of Painting:

"How painting has re-kindled from its embers, the works of many living artiſts demonſtrate. The prints after the works of Sir Joſhua Reynolds have ſpread his fame to Italy, where they have not at preſent a ſingle painter who can pretend to rival an imagination ſo fertile, that the attitudes of his portraits are as various as thoſe of hiſtory. *In what age were paternal deſpair, and the horrors of death, pronounced with more expreſſive accents than in his picture of Count Ugolino?* When were infantine lovelineſs, or embrio-paſſions, touched with ſweeter truth than in his portraits of Miſs Price and the baby Jupiter?

"Sir Joſhua Reynolds has been accuſed of plagiariſm, for having borrowed attitudes from ancient maſters. Not only candour, but criticiſm, muſt deny the force of the charge. When a ſingle poſture is imitated from an hiſtoric picture, and applied to a portrait in a different dreſs, and with new attributes, this is not plagiariſm, but quotation; and a quotation from a great author, with a novel applica-

tion

Dionyſius the Areopagite.

An Infant Jupiter.

Maſter Crewe in the character of Henry VIII.

The Death of Dido. A picture of great celebrity, which drew crowds to the Exhibition in 1781, and obtained him diſtinguiſhed applauſe, not only from his own countrymen, but from foreigners. The face of Dido is very beautiful, and the colouring rich in the extreme.

A Child aſleep.

Cupid ſleeping.

Covent Garden Cupid.

Cupid in the Clouds.

Cupids painting.

Boy laughing.

Maſter Herbert in the character of Bacchus.

Hebe.

Miſs Meyer in the character of Hebe.

Madona, a head.

The Black-guard Mercury.

A little Boy (Samuel) praying.

An Old Man reading; engraved by Okey.

tion of the ſenſe, has always been allowed to be an inſtance of parts and taſte, and may have more merit than the original. When the ſons of Jacob impoſed on their father by a falſe coat of Joſeph, ſaying,—Know now whether this be thy ſon's coat or not?—they only aſked a deceitful queſtion: but that interrogation became wit, when Richard I. on the pope reclaiming a biſhop whom the king had taken priſoner in battle, ſent him the prelate's coat of mail, and, in the words of ſcripture, aſked his Holineſs, Whether THAT was the coat of his ſon or not? Is not there humour and ſatire in Sir Joſhua's reducing Holbein's ſwaggering and coloſſal haughtineſs of Henry VIII. to the boyiſh jollity of Maſter Crewe? One prophecy I will venture to make: Sir Joſhua is not a plagiary, but will beget a thouſand. The exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portraits."

Love

Love unlooſing the zone of Beauty. There are verſes on this picture in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1785.

The Children in the Wood.

Cleopatra diſſolving the pearl.—A moſt beautiful face, being Kitty Fiſher's. Some one wrote under this picture:

> " To this fam'd character how juſt thy right,
> Thy mind as wanton, and thy form as bright *."

David Garrick in the character of Kitely.

David Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy †.

Mrs. Abington in the character of Comedy.

A Child with Guardian Angels ſurrounding it.

Miſs Beauclerk in the character of Spenſer's Una.

Reſignation, a head of uncommon merit; taken from theſe lines in the Deſerted Village:

* Kitty Fiſher once, in nine months, ſpent twelve thouſand pounds.

† Beattie, in his Eſſay on Poetry and Muſic, thus mentions this picture: " Raphael and Reynolds take their models from general nature, avoiding, as far as poſſible (at leaſt in all their great performances), thoſe peculiarities that derive their beauty from mere faſhion; and therefore their works muſt give pleaſure, and appear elegant, as long as men are capable of forming general ideas, and of judging from them. The laſt mentioned incomparable artiſt is particularly obſervant of children, whoſe looks and attitudes, being leſs under the controul of art and local manners, are more characteriſtical of the ſpecies than thoſe of men and women. This field of obſervation has ſupplied him with many fine figures, particularly that moſt exquiſite one of *Comedy ſtruggling for, and winning* (for who could reſiſt her!), *the affections of Garrick*; a figure which could never have occurred to the imagination of a painter who had confined his views to grown perſons looking and moving in all the formality of polite life; a figure which, in all ages and countries, would be pronounced natural and engaging."

This picture is alſo mentioned in " A Poetical Epiſtle to Sir Joſhua Reynolds," in 1777; which poem recommends to Sir Joſhua the further painting of Mr. Garrick, and alſo of Mr. Burke; to both of whom it pays the higheſt tributes of reſpect.

" Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While Reſignation gently ſlopes the way."

The Dutcheſs of Mancheſter in the character of Diana.

Lady Blake in the character of Juno.

Mrs. Sheridan in the character of St. Cecilia.

The Theory of Art *.

Edwin. The idea of this head is caught from Beattie's Poem of the *Minſtrel*. It is of incomparable expreſſion. A finer portrait was never drawn by human pencil.

The Nativity, and the Four Cardinal Virtues, with Faith, Hope, and Charity, for the Window of New College Chapel, Oxford †.

The

* This picture is on the cieling of the Library at Somerſet Houſe, and is thus deſcribed by Baretti in his *Guide through the Royal Academy*: " The centre painting repreſents the *Theory of the Art* under the form of an elegant and majeſtick female, ſeated in the clouds, and looking upwards, as contemplating the heavens. She holds in one hand the compaſs, in the other a label, on which this ſentence is written: *Theory is the knowledge of what is truly Nature.* This picture is the work of Sir Joſhua Reynolds; a noble ſpecimen of that elegance of taſte, ſtrength of imagination, ſpirit and brilliancy of colouring, for which he has been ſo often and ſo juſtly celebrated."

† The following deſcription of this window (the admiration of every traveller) is given in the Pocket Companion for Oxford, printed in 1784: —

" The Weſt window of the Ante chapel. This great window conſiſts of ſeven compartments in the lower range, each near three feet wide, and twelve high. In theſe ſtand ſeven allegorical figures, repreſenting the four Cardinal, and three Chriſtian, Virtues, in the manner following:

TEMPERANCE, pouring water out of a larger veſſel into a ſmall one. Her common attribute, the bridle, lies as her feet.

FORTITUDE, in armour; her hand reſting on a broken column, which, though half deſtroyed, remains upright; her form robuſt, her look bold and reſolute. A lion, her attendant, couches below her.

1930 THEATRICAL.—Autograph Letter of Thomas King, the Actor, to George Colman the Elder, 15s. - *Feb.* 5, 1777

An interesting Letter, conveying to Colman, from the Actors of Drury Lane Theatre, the medal for Garrick, testifying their gratitude to him as the Founder of the Theatrical Fund—describes fully the design of the medal, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A letter of great interest.

The Studious Boy.
A Bacchante.
A Daugh-

FAITH, ſtanding fixedly on both feet, and bearing a croſs, the ſymbol of her belief; her eyes and hand raiſed up to heaven.

On the other ſide of the middle groupe, HOPE, looking toward the ſame heaven, and ſpringing forward to it ſo eagerly that her feet ſcarce touch the ground. Part of an anchor, her attribute, is ſeen in the corner of her compartment.

JUSTICE, looking with a ſteady and piercing eye through the dark ſhade which her arm caſts over her face; in her left hand the ſteelyard, a kind of balance leſs cumbrous, if not leſs vulgar, than the ſcales which are uſually given her. Her right hand ſupports the ſword.

PRUDENCE, beholding (as in a mirror) the actions and manners of others, for the purpoſe of regulating her own by obſervation thereon. Upon her right arm an arrow joined with a remora, the reſpective emblems of ſwiftneſs and ſlowneſs; Prudence being a medium between them.

The middle groupe, mentioned above, repreſents CHARITY, and deſerves eſpecial notice for the expreſſion of the figures therein contained. The fondling of the infant, the importunity of the boy, and the placid affection of the girl, together with the divided attention of the mother, are all diſtinguiſhably and judiciouſly marked with a knowledge of character for which the great artiſt who gave this deſign is ſo juſtly celebrated.

Such are the figures which fill the lower compartments; yet they are but a ſubordinate part, and, as it were, a baſis to the ſuperb work erected over them. In a ſpace, ten feet wide, and eighteen high, is repreſented the NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST; a compoſition of thirteen human figures, beſides animals. 1. The Bleſſed Virgin, whoſe attention is wholly engaged in her infant. 2. A groupe of Angels deſcended into the ſtable, and kneeling around him. The face of the leaſt of theſe exhibits an idea of youthful beauty that perhaps was never ſurpaſſed. 3. A company of Shepherds, whoſe devotion and rude eagerneſs to behold him are ſtrongly expreſſed. 4. St. Joſeph, looking on the ſpectators, and pointing to the child, as to the promiſed ſeed, the expectation and hope of all nations. 5. In the clouds above, an Angel contemplating the myſtery of the croſs; and near him a ſcroll, whereon is written the original Greek of this text, *Myſteries which the Angels themſelves deſire to look into.*

A Daughter of Lord William Gordon, where the child's head is exhibited in four different points of view, appearing as a groupe of Angels.

The Holy Family.

The Cottagers, a ſcene from Thomſon's *Autumn*. Painted for Macklin's Gallery.

The Veſtal, from Gregory's Ode to Meditation. Painted for Macklin's Gallery.

Tne Careful Shepherdeſs.

Gipſey telling Fortunes. This Picture is now at Blenheim, and repreſents Lady Charlotte Spencer in the character of a gipſey, telling her brother, Lord Henry, his fortune.

In this compoſition the painter has taken for his light that which is ſuppoſed to proceed from the body of the infant: herein imitating a famous picture now preſerved in the gallery at Dreſden, and known by the name of the *Notte of Corregio*. This beautiful idea has often been adopted, but never ſo judiciouſly applied as in this inſtance; where the ſubſtance on which the infant is delineated being tranſparent, and the light actually paſſing through him, his body thereby receives a higher glow, and gives to the whole an appearance of reality.

The remaining parts of this grand deſign conſiſt of groupes of Shepherds and other perſons who are approaching the ſtable to pay their devotions to the new-born Saviour.

For this work, which was begun about ſeven years ago, finiſhed cartoons were furniſhed by Sir Joſhua Reynolds. Theſe were copied by Mr. Jervais; to whoſe ſkill the world is indebted for a new ſtile in glaſs-painting, which, in beauty and truth of repreſentation, exceeds all that have hitherto been ſeen, as much as the common productions excel the firſt rude attempts of the art."

Dr. Joſeph Warton thus mentions this window, in his *Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Pope:* "The chapel of New College, in Oxford, will ſoon receive a ſingular and invaluable ornament; a window, the glaſs of which is ſtained by Mr. Jervis, from that exquiſite picture of the Nativity, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds."

I muſt not omit the late Mr. Thomas Warton's Verſes on this window, with which I am ſure no reader of taſte can be unacquainted. Let me add, that Sir Joſhua has introduced his own portrait in the Nativity, as alſo that of Mr. Jervis.

The

The Infant Hercules in the act of ſtrangling the Serpents *. Muſci-

* The following account of this picture, while painting, appeared in the public papers:

" The grand picture which Sir Joſhua Reynolds has nearly finiſhed for the Empreſs of Ruſſia, is an Infant Hercules in the act of ſtrangling the Serpents.

" One is in his right hand, the other in his left.

" There are two groupes of figures looking on, one on the left hand of females, the other on the right of men. The latter are ſix, the former four.

" There is one woman, a finer figure than the ſiſter in the Dido, in the act of aſtoniſhment and fear, *fœmineo ululatu*, with outſtretched arms, an open mouth, ſtrained eyes, and her whole viſage diſcomfited and diſmayed, for the threatened peril of the child.

" There is another female, ſhrinking at the ſenſe of her own danger; for the head of a ſerpent points to her.

" The painting above the neck and ſhoulders of this woman ſhould be noticed.

" There is another infant-figure in cloſe contact with the Hercules and his ſerpents.

" The ſix men ſtand by with varied emotions, as age and profeſſion, the ſword or the gown, may make the mode befalling or befitting each.

" The dog, adjoining to this latter groupe, is not the leaſt finiſhed part of the piece. He is all alive.

" The back-ground is architecture and ſky.

" This is the grand picture, according to the grander order of the Czarina, in which the painter was unlimited in ſubject and in price; which he has ſtudied ſo long, which he has finiſhed ſo well.

" Sir Joſhua, as an artiſt, yields to none the world ever ſaw. This may not be the moſt engaging of his works; but, unqueſtionably, it ranks among his beſt."

Soon after the picture arrived at St. Peterſburg, Count Woronzow, the Ruſſian Ambaſſador, waited on Sir Joſhua Reynolds, to inform him, that the picture he painted laſt year for the Empreſs of Ruſſia had been received at St. Peterſburg, with the two ſets of his diſcourſes, one in Engliſh, and the other in French, which, at the deſire of her Imperial Majeſty, had been ſent with the picture.

At the ſame time, Count Woronzow delivered to Sir Joſhua a gold box, enriched with the Empreſs's portrait, and very large diamonds, &c. containing a moſt gracious writing of her Imperial Majeſty's own hand. The Ambaſſador left alſo with Sir Joſhua a copy of the following letter, which his Excellency had received from the Empreſs with the ſaid valuable preſent.

Muſcipula, or the Mouſe-trap Girl. The Comte d'Adhemar, the French Ambaſſador, is the fortunate poſſeſſor of this charming and exquiſite little picture.

Venus.

Cornelia and her Children.

The Bird.

Melancholy.

Mrs. Siddons *.

Head

" Monſieur Le Comte Woronzow,

" I have read, and, I may ſay, with the greateſt avidity, thoſe diſcourſes pronounced at the Royal Academy of London by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, which that illuſtrious artiſt ſent me with his large picture; in both productions one may eaſily trace a moſt elevated genius.

" I recommend to you to give my thanks to Sir Joſhua, and to remit him the box I ſend, as a teſtimony of the great ſatisfaction the peruſal of his diſcourſes has given me, and which I look upon as, perhaps, the beſt work that ever was wrote on the ſubject.

" My portrait, which is on the cover of the box, is of a compoſition made at my Hermitage, where they are now at work about impreſſions on the ſtones found there.

" I expect you will inform me of the price of the large picture, on the ſubject of which I have already ſpoke to you in another letter.

" Adieu—I wiſh you well.

" *St. Peterſburg, March* 5, 1790. (Signed) " CATHERINE."

* This is ſomething more than the portrait of Mrs. Siddons; it is a dignified, and moſt impreſſive and unequalled picture of the Tragic Muſe—the figures of *Terror* and *Deſpair* are in the back ground.—It paints

" The head majeſtic, and the beaming eye
That, lifted, ſpeaks its commerce with the ſky!"

Milton's lines, from Il Penſeroſo, will apply to this picture:

" And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes."

And

Head of King Lear.

Mrs. Talmash in the character of *Miranda*; in which picture is introduced *Prospero* and *Caliban*.

Robin Goodfellow.

The Death of Cardinal Beaufort.

Macbeth—with the Cauldron of the Witches *.

It

And so will Ben Jonson's, in Cynthia's Revels:

"Seated in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe."

The price Sir Joshua always fixed on this picture was 1000 Guineas. I believe he asked 2000 for his picture from Macbeth.

* These five last pictures are, I believe, the only ones Sir Joshua ever painted from Shakspeare. Mr. Boydell's advertisement of his edition of Shakspeare mentions another subject to be painted by this master, namely, the Closet scene in Hamlet; but I believe Sir Joshua did not finish it, perhaps he did not even make a sketch. Mr. Boydell's advertisement or indication (in January, 1787,) of the scenes to be painted for his 2d and 3d numbers, thus mentions the pictures to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for these two numbers:

Macbeth.—Act IV.—Scene 1. A Cavern. The cauldron sinking. Macbeth, Hecate, Witches, Shadows of the Eight Kings, Banquo, &c. &c.

"Horrible sight!—now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his."

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Engraved by Sharp.

Hamlet.—Act III.—Scene 4. The Queen's closet. Hamlet, Queen, and Ghost. Polonius dead:

"But look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O! step between her and her fighting soul!"

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Engraved by Caroline Watson.

The picture of Robin Goodfellow (a happy effort of Sir Joshua's pencil, though perhaps not perfectly characteristick of the merry wanderer of Shakspeare), and the Death of Beaufort, are both painted for Mr. Boydell's Shakspeare. This picture of the dying Beaufort is truly an impressive performance; the general hue of the

It has been the good fortune of this great artiſt to have his works ſingularly well engraved. Perhaps no painter's works were ever better engraved. When we view the engravings of M'Ardell, Fiſher, Watſon, Dean, Valentine Green, J. R. Smith, Hodges, and the exquiſite engraving of Hayward, and of Jones, we cannot but feel a ſatisfaction, that the genius and fancy of Sir Joſhua Reynolds will delight ages yet unborn, and will be conveyed to future times with truth and juſtneſs by the diſperſion of capital engravings: "The moſt ſecure depoſitary," as Sir Robert Strange obſerves, "for after-ages, of whatever is truly great, elegant, or beautiful." The engraving of Sir Joſhua's *Muſcipula*, by Jones, almoſt ſupplies the want of colouring.

In the Exhibition of the Society for promoting Painting and Deſign, in Liverpool, in the year 1784, is "A Landſcape, being a View on the Thames from Richmond, painted by Sir Joſhua Reynolds." This is perhaps the only landſcape he ever painted, except thoſe chaſte and beautiful ones which compoſe the backgrounds of many of his portraits. Might not a ſelection be made from theſe landſcapes, and engraved?

One of the largeſt compoſitions of portraits that Sir Joſhua ever painted, is the Family Piece at Blenheim.

In grouping and deſigning children, and in picturing the innocence of youth and childhood, Sir Joſhua Reynolds had no equal. The infantine ſimplicity and naturalneſs of the little girl with a dog in her arms fording a brook, would alone eſtabliſh his fame

the picture is conſonant to Shakſpeare's awful ſcene—ſober—grand—ſolemn. The excruciating agony of guilt and fear that writhes each limb, and faſtens his convulſive fingers on the bed cloaths, makes each ſpectator ſhudder—and the face of the dying Cardinal has that agonized and horrid grin deſcribed by the great poet:

"See how the pangs of death do make him grin!"

in

in this line, if numberleſs other inſtances might not eaſily be ſelected from his works.

Few painters have given us more ideas of the dignity of the human character than Sir Joſhua Reynolds—indeed he lived to an advanced age; Rafaelle died at the premature age of 32, and Parmegiano at the age of 36 *; and many of the great maſters died at an early period. His portraits are of incomparable ſimilitude; his attitudes moſt graceful, ſpirited, and lively. Many of his portraits of females exhibit truly *the human face divine*. In ſurveying his works, what models of elegance has the claſſic chaſtity of his pencil given us! what paſſions! what ideas! Many of his works are very great in conception, rich in colouring, and wonderful in effect. I am ſorry to obſerve, however, that his colours in his earlier works have failed deplorably; his latter works are certainly more ſecure and ſtable. Some one obſerves, "That, while his living admirers contemplate, with aſtoniſhment, the lucid tranſparency of his colouring, poſterity will be confined to the admiration of his unequalled grace in the diſpoſition of his objects."

Mr. Boſwell, in his Life of Johnſon, thus relates a circumſtance that occurred to Mr. Reynolds ſoon after his return from Italy:

"Sir Joſhua Reynolds told me, that, upon his return from Italy, he met with *The Life of Savage*, in Devonſhire, knowing nothing of its author, and began to read it while he was ſtanding with his arm leaning againſt a chimney-piece. It ſeized his attention ſo ſtrongly, that, not being able to lay down the book till he had

* When the Spaniards, in the year 1527, entered and pillaged Rome, Parmegiano was ſo intent on his work, that he continued at his eaſel without attending to the danger of his ſituation; and, when the enemy entered his apartments, they were ſo ſtruck with the beauty of his paintings, and the compoſed conduct of the artiſt, that they retired without offering him the ſmalleſt injury; though ſoon after he was robbed of a great part of what he poſſeſſed.

 finiſhed

finiſhed it, when he attempted to move, he found his arm totally benumbed. The rapidity with which this work was compoſed, is a wonderful circumſtance. Johnſon has been heard to ſay, "I wrote forty-eight of the printed octavo pages at a ſitting; but then I ſat up all night *."

I muſt again quote Mr. Boſwell:

"The circle of Johnſon's friends indeed, at this time (1752), was extenſive and various, far beyond what has been generally imagined. To trace his acquaintance with each particular perſon, if it could be done, would be a taſk, of which the labour would not be repaid by the advantage. But exceptions are to be made; one of which muſt be a friend ſo eminent as Sir Joſhua Reynolds, who was truly his *dulce decus*, and with whom he maintained an uninterrupted intimacy to the laſt hour of his life. Mr. Reynolds, as I have obſerved above, had, from the firſt reading of his Life of Savage, conceived a very high admiration of Johnſon's powers of writing. His converſation no leſs delighted him; and he cultivated his acquaintance with the laudable zeal of one who was ambitious of general improvement."

In the year 1762, Mr. Reynolds paid a viſit of ſome weeks to his native county, Devonſhire †, accompanied by Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

* Another aſtoniſhing inſtance of Johnſon's powers of compoſition may be given from the circumſtance of his having compoſed the whole of his incomparable *Raſſelas* in the evenings of one week; a work which, though he had written nothing elſe (as Mr. Boſwell obſerves), would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. Johnſon wrote this work to enable him to defray the expence of his mother's funeral, and pay ſome little debts which ſhe had left.

† Many of the Great Maſters have diſcovered *in their works* a ſtrong attachment to their native place. This is well expreſſed in the preface to a late deſcriptive Catalogue of Pictures ſold by Mr. Chriſtie: "Baniſhed, as it were, habitually amongſt the *Lagunes*, far from their favourite valleys and woody mountains, often the

ſon. They were entertained at the ſeats of ſeveral noblemen and gentlemen in the Weſt of England; and, during their ſtay at Plymouth, were the gueſts of Dr. Mudge, at that time ſurgeon, and now phyſician, of that place.

In the month of July, in the ſame year, Dr. Johnſon wrote a letter to Mr. Baretti, who was then at *Milan*; and we may ſee, from this letter, the eſtimation in which Mr. Reynolds was held: "As you have now been long away, I ſuppoſe your curioſity may pant for ſome news of your old friends. Miſs Williams and I live much as we did. *Mr. Reynolds gets ſix thouſand a year.* Levet is lately married. Laſt winter I went down to my native town, where I found the ſtreets much narrower and ſhorter than I thought I had left them; inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I was very little known. My play-fellows were grown old, and forced me to ſuſpect that I was no longer young. My only remaining friend has changed his principles, and was become the tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from whom I expected moſt, and whom I met with ſincere benevolence, has loſt the beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gained much of the wiſdom of age. I wandered about for five days, and took the firſt convenient opportunity of returning to a place, where, if

the places, if not of their own birth, of the reſidence, at leaſt, of their families or friends; nothing is more common with the Venetian Painters, eſpecially the old and leading maſters, than to introduce, in their Hiſtorical Pictures, and ſometimes even in their Portraits (and this from a fond recollection, natural to every man), the ſcenes, and often even the particular view, of theſe *Paterna rura*. Giamb. Cima *da Conegliano*, one of the Great Maſters of the old Venetian School, was ſo fond of his native place *Conegliano*, ſituated alſo beautifully among the hills, towards the *Friuli*, that he ſcarcely ever painted a picture in which he has not introduced the particular view of it; inſomuch, that he is hence known more by the ſurname of *Conegliano* than by his own."

there is not much happineſs, there is, at leaſt, ſuch a diverſity of good and evil, that ſlight vexations do not fix upon the heart."

In the month of December, in the ſame year, he wrote another letter to Mr. Baretti, in which Mr. Reynolds is thus mentioned: "Reynolds ſtill continues to increaſe in reputation and in riches."

In February, 1764, Mr. Reynolds had the merit of being the firſt promoter of that club which long exiſted without a name, but, at Mr. Garrick's funeral, became diſtinguiſhed by the title of *The Literary Club*. Dr. Johnſon, or ſome one of the company, called Sir Joſhua their Romulus. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerard-ſtreet, Soho, one evening in every week, at ſeven. Of this highly reſpectable ſociety, the original members were, Mr. Edmund Burke, Mr. Samuel Johnſon, Oliver Goldſmith, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Bennet Langton, Mr. Anthony Chamier, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Reynolds. This club has been gradually increaſing, and, inſtead of aſſembling in the evening, the members now dine together at Baxter's-tavern, in Dover-ſtreet, once a fortnight, during the meeting of parliament. From the time of its firſt eſtabliſhment, to the period of Sir Joſhua's death, the following perſons, now dead, were additional members of it: Mr. Dunning, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Dyer, Shipley Biſhop of St. Aſaph, Mr. Veſey, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton. The preſent members are, Mr. Burke, Mr. Langton, Dr. Percy Biſhop of Dromore, Dr. Barnard Biſhop of Killaloe, Dr. Marlay Biſhop of Clonfert, Mr. Fox, Dr. George Fordyce, Sir William Scott, Sir Joſeph Banks, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Windham of Norfolk, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Gibbon, Dr. Adam Smith, Lord Charlemont, Sir Robert Chambers, Sir William Jones, Mr. Colman, Mr. Steevens, Dr. Burney, Dr. Joſeph Warton, Mr. Malone, Lord Offory, Lord Spenſer, Lord Lucan, Lord Palmerſton, Lord Macartney, Lord

Lord Elliot, Mr. Richard Burke, jun. Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Warren, Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Boſwell, and Dr. Douglas Biſhop of Saliſbury.—For theſe particulars I am indebted to Mr. Boſwell's valuable and intereſting Life of Dr. Johnſon.

Dr. Johnſon, in this year, when on a viſit to the preſent Biſhop of Dromore, then Dr. Percy, wrote the following affectionate letter:

" To Joſhua Reynolds, Eſq. in Leiceſter Fields, London.

" Dear Sir,

" I did not hear of your ſickneſs till I heard likewiſe of your recovery, and therefore eſcaped that part of your pain which every man muſt feel, to whom you are known as you are known to me. Having had no particular account of your diſorder, I know not in what ſtate it has left you. If the amuſement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a ſlow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can ſo effectually promote my own pleaſure as by pleaſing you, or my own intereſt by preſerving you, in whom, if I ſhould loſe you, I ſhould loſe almoſt the only man whom I call a friend. Pray let me hear of you from yourſelf, or from dear Miſs Reynolds. Make my compliments to Mr. Mudge. I am, dear Sir,

" Your moſt affectionate, and moſt humble ſervant,

" SAM. JOHNSON.

" At the Rev. Mr. Percy's, at Eaſton-Maudit, Northamptonſhire, (by Caſtle Aſhby) Aug. 19, 1764."

In the year 1766, Mr. John Gwyn, an ingenious writer, in his " London and Weſtminſter Improved," thus ſpeaks of the ſtate of Arts and Artiſts in this kingdom, which I here inſert, from its partly ſhewing one the ſteps that led to the founding the preſent Royal Academy of Arts at Somerſet Houſe:

" Sir

"Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller kept up the national paſſion with great ſucceſs; and ſome public works, which required decorations, gave opportunity to Sir James Thornhill and others to ſhew that hiſtorical painting, if properly encouraged, was a field in which the Britiſh nation might engage with their competitors, not without advantage; but, notwithſtanding this advancement of the art of painting, and the number of ingenious profeſſors who continually advanced in every branch, neither painting nor the profeſſors of painting were known, diſtinguiſhed, or encouraged. The few, indeed, who had taſte and diſcernment, ſought for theſe ingenious men, and purchaſed their works, but the publick knew them not, nor did they know each other; they had no ſociety or intercourſe with their fellow-artiſts, conſequently had very little to ſay in each other's recommendation in the different branches of painting; and he who had the greateſt acquaintance, whatever were his abilities, was ſure to get the moſt money. However, the natural good ſenſe and ingenuity of the Britiſh nation continued ſtill to furniſh very able maſters; and theſe at length collected their ſcattered and diſperſed brethren, and formed a little ſociety, who wiſely conſidering their mutual intereſt, by a voluntary ſubſcription among themſelves, eſtabliſhed an academy, which is at this time kept up in St. Martin's Lane.

"The eſtabliſhment of the Foundling Hoſpital, which was a national concern, and attracted the notice of the publick in a very particular manner, gave an opportunity, when finiſhed, for diſplaying a ſcene entirely new to this nation. The Hoſpital was juſt in its infancy, and elegant decorations, and every poſſible means that could allure or draw the attention of the publick towards its ſupport and maintenance, were found neceſſary; but the expence of ſuch ornaments could not be afforded by a charity whoſe utmoſt abilities were demanded for the ſuccour and ſupport of deſerted periſhing

infants. In order to contribute to the ſupport of this uſeful eſtabliſhment, and to ſhew at once that ingenuity and compaſſion for the diſtreſſes of human nature are uſually found to reſide in the ſame breaſt, the moſt conſiderable artiſts in Great Britain nobly and generouſly united in beſtowing a great number of excellent performances in painting and ſculpture, which embelliſhed the Hoſpital, entertained the publick, and, at the ſame time, convinced the world that painting was arrived to a degree of perfection in this kingdom, of which, until this era, they had no conception. The Governors of the hoſpital, convinced of the uſe and benefit which accrued to the charity from the truly valuable donations, and deſirous of improving a connection ſo very advantageous to them, encouraged the ſeveral contributors, and alſo the whole body of thoſe who profeſſed the polite arts, to have an annual meeting at the hoſpital, on the fifth of November: theſe meetings drew together the moſt ingenious artiſts from every quarter, and at one of them it was propoſed to the whole body, to have an annual exhibition of ſuch performances as ſhould be judged worthy the notice of the publick.

"A propoſal ſo very advantageous to merit of every kind could not fail of being received with applauſe, and was unanimouſly agreed to. In conſequence of this reſolution, application was made to the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, who, taking it into conſideration, rightly judged, that an exhibition of this nature could not be carried into execution with ſo much propriety as under their patronage; they complied therefore willingly with this requeſt, and, in the year 1760, the firſt exhibition of the artiſts of Great Britain was made, and another the year following; but as every member of the ſociety was at liberty to diſtribute what number of tickets for admittance he thought fit, that which was intended only as a polite, entertaining, and rational amuſement for the publick, be-

became a ſcene of tumult and diſorder; and to ſuch a height was the rage of viſiting the exhibition carried, that, when the members themſelves had ſatisfied their own curioſity, the room was crowded, during the hours allotted for the exhibition, with menial ſervants and their acquaintance. This proſtitution of the polite arts undoubtedly became extremely diſagreeable to the profeſſors themſelves, who heard alike, with indignation, their works cenſured or approved by kitchen-maids and ſtable-boys; but the cauſe of the final ſeparation (for this abuſe might have been remedied) of the artiſts of Great Britain from the ſociety was this: it had been, and is ſtill, uſual for the ſociety to give premiums for hiſtorical and landſcape painting; theſe rewards were uſually adjudged among the competitors ſome little time before the exhibition began, and as thoſe who gained the premiums were obliged to leave their pictures a limited time with the ſociety, they were of courſe ſure to be in the exhibition. The great inconvenience of this method of proceeding was ſoon diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt eminent painters, whoſe reputations were already ſo eminently eſtabliſhed as to prevent their becoming candidates for a trifling premium; theſe therefore, as their characters were ſo nearly concerned, very juſtly objected to the continuation of this cuſtom, for the following obvious reaſon: It was generally known that the ſociety had determined premiums for ſeveral pictures, and it was natural enough for perſons, who knew nothing of the matter, to enquire, upon entering the room, which of the pieces among that profuſion of art were thoſe which had obtained the premium, and, being ſatisfied in this particular, they very innocently concluded, for want of better judgement, that theſe had obtained the prize from *all* the reſt, and, conſequently, were the *beſt* pictures. Had it been poſſible to have confined this injurious deciſion to the vulgar ſpectators, it would have been a thing of no conſequence; but, unfortunately

for the arts, many in a much higher ſphere of life were liable to be led away by the ſame opinion; and therefore, as the ſociety would not give up this point, a ſeparation enſued, and every ſucceeding exhibition has been made at the room in Spring-gardens. The prodigious encouragement given to it, and the applauſe beſtowed on the ſeveral performances, by perſons of the greateſt taſte and diſtinction, evidently ſhews what a prodigious progreſs has been made in the arts, as well as what great expectations may be formed of what will probably be done by the concurring incitements of applauſe and emulation, and the effects of ſociety and concord. The ſucceſs of the exhibition, and the harmony which ſubſiſted among the exhibitors, naturally led them to the thoughts of ſoliciting an eſtabliſhment, and forming themſelves into a body; in conſequence of which ſolicitation, his Majeſty was moſt graciouſly pleaſed to grant them his Royal Charter, incorporating them by the name of The Society of Artiſts of Great Britain; which charter bears date the 26th day of January, 1765 *."

Soon after the above period, diſſentions and animoſities aroſe between the Artiſts (which are fully mentioned in Mr. Strange's "Inquiry into the Riſe and Eſtabliſhment of the Royal Academy of Arts"); and, in the year 1769, his preſent Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to found an Academy for Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, under the name of *The Royal Academy of Arts*, and to appoint Mr. Reynolds (in conſideration of his profeſſional excellence) the Preſident, and, to add dignity to the Academy, conferred the honour of knighthood on him.

* There is a deal of merit in this work of Gwyn's, much good ſenſe, and much taſte. Mention is made of Gwyn in Boſwell's Life of Johnſon. There is an original portrait of Gwyn at the Infirmary in Shrewſbury; he was the architect of the bridge in that town.

In 1786 we find Reynolds asking Mr Malone to examine with a critical Eye &c &c

1769.

Sir Joſhua delivered his firſt Diſcourſe at the opening of the Royal Academy, on January 2, 1769*, and thus mentions this noble inſtitution:

"An Academy, in which the Polite Arts may be regularly cultivated, is at laſt opened among us by Royal munificence. This muſt appear an event in the higheſt degree intereſting, not only to the Artiſts, but to the whole nation.

"It is indeed difficult to give any other reaſon, why an empire, like that of Britain, ſhould have wanted an ornament ſo ſuitable to its greatneſs, than that ſlow progreſſion of things, which naturally make elegance and refinement the laſt effect of opulence and power.

"There are at this time a greater number of excellent Artiſts than were ever known before at one period in this nation; there is a general deſire among our nobility to be diſtinguiſhed as lovers and judges of the Arts; there is a greater ſuperfluity of wealth among the people, to reward the profeſſors; and, above all, we are patronized by a Monarch, who, knowing the value of ſcience and elegance, thinks every Art is worthy of his notice that tends to ſoften and humanize the mind.

"After ſo much has been done by his Majeſty, it will be wholly our fault if our progreſs is not, in ſome degree, correſpondent to the wiſdom and generoſity of the Inſtitution; let us ſhew our grati-

* Dr. Franklin wrote "The Triumph of the Arts," an Ode on the Inſtitution of the New Royal Academy of Arts by his Majeſty, Jan. 1, 1769. It may be ſeen in Dodſley's Annual Regiſter for that year—it concludes thus:

"And oh! if with the tuneful throng
The Muſe may dare to mix her humble ſong,
In your glad train permit her to appear,
Tho' poor, yet willing, and tho' rude, ſincere;
To praiſe the Sovereign whom her heart approves,
And pay this tribute to the arts ſhe loves."

tude

tude in our diligence, that, though our merit may not anſwer his expectations, yet, at leaſt, our induſtry may deſerve his protection.

" But, whatever may be our proportion of ſucceſs, of this we may be ſure, that the preſent Inſtitution will at leaſt contribute to advance our knowledge of the Arts, and bring us nearer to that ideal excellence, which it is the lot of Genius always to contemplate, and never to attain.

" The principal advantage of an Academy is, that, beſides furniſhing able men to direct the Student, *it will be a repoſitory for the great examples of the Art.* Theſe are the materials on which Genius is to work, and without which the ſtrongeſt intellect may be fruitleſſly or deviouſly employed. By ſtudying theſe authentic models, that idea of excellence, which is the reſult of the accumulated experience of paſt ages, may be at once acquired, and the tardy and obſtructed progreſs of our predeceſſors may teach us a ſhorter and eaſier way. The Student receives, at one glance, the principles which many Artiſts have ſpent their whole lives in aſcertaining; and, ſatisfied with their effect, is ſpared the painful inveſtigation by which they came to be known and fixed. How many men of great natural abilities have been loſt to this nation for want of theſe advantages! They never had an opportunity of ſeeing thoſe maſterly efforts of Genius, which at once kindle the whole ſoul, and force it into ſudden and irreſiſtible approbation.

" Raffaelle, it is true, had not the advantage of ſtudying in an Academy; but all Rome, and the works of Michael Angelo in particular, were to him an Academy."—

Sir Joſhua thus concludes the preſent Diſcourſe:

" Permit me to indulge my wiſhes, and expreſs my hope, that this Inſtitution may anſwer the expectations of its Royal Founder; that the preſent age may vie in Arts with that of Leo the Tenth; and that *the dignity of the dying Art* (to make uſe of an expreſſion

of Pliny) may be revived under the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD."

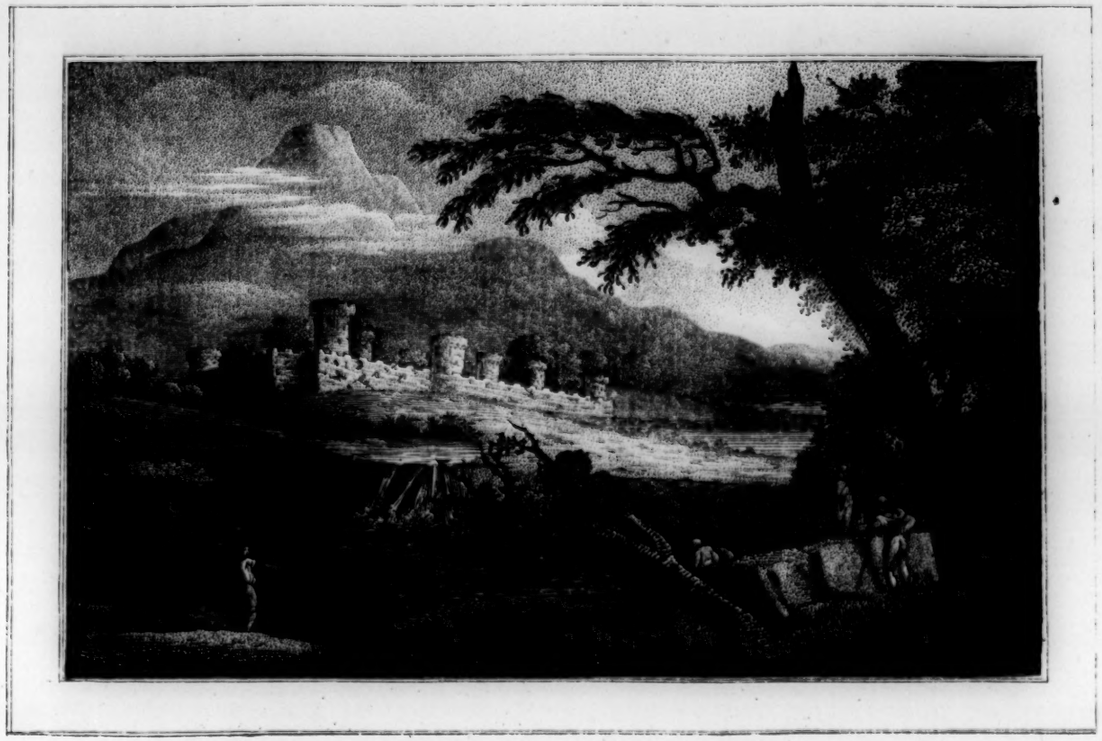
Each ſucceeding year, on the diſtribution of the prizes, Sir Joſhua delivered a Diſcourſe to the Students. The laſt Diſcourſe he delivered was on December 10, 1790. In this laſt Diſcourſe he thus addreſſes the Academy:

"In parting with the Academy, I ſhall remember, with pride, affection, and gratitude, the ſupport with which I have almoſt uniformly been honoured from the commencement of our intercourſe. I ſhall leave you, Gentlemen, with unaffected cordial wiſhes for your future concord, and with a well-founded hope, that, in that concord, the auſpicious and not obſcure origin of our Academy may be forgotten in the ſplendor of your ſucceeding proſpects.

"My age, and my infirmities ſtill more than my age, make it probable that this will be the laſt time I ſhall have the honour of addreſſing you from this place. Excluded as I am, *ſpatiis iniquis*, from indulging my imagination with a diſtant and forward perſpective of life, I may be excuſed if I turn my eyes back on the way which I have paſſed." This Diſcourſe then proceeds to a brief review of what had been done as to the aiding the ſtudies of the Students; and to a long and eloquent Diſcourſe on that *dread circle* of the Arts *in which none durſt tread* but MICHAEL ANGELO.

After the peruſal of Sir Joſhua's firſt Diſcourſe, one laments that he did not, by will, bequeath his fine Collection of Pictures and Drawings, by various great maſters, to that Academy, over whom he had preſided for more than twenty years with ſuch reputation to himſelf. The want of an aſſemblage of good paintings is diſcernible to every ſpectator of the walls of Somerſet Houſe. Had Sir Joſhua done this, it might have induced many diſtinguiſhed

perſons,



CONWAY CASTLE.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and engraved by W. Birch & named Painter.

Publish'd June 1.1790. by W. Birch, Hampstead Heath.

perſons, lovers of the fine arts, to have bequeathed their collections to the Academy. General Guiſe bequeathed his extenſive and valuable collection to Chriſt Church, Oxford. Might not the Academy *purchaſe* Sir Joſhua's collection, and place them (out of reſpect to his name) in a room by themſelves?

A regret naturally ſuggeſts itſelf, that the nation, inſtead of purchaſing the Houghton collection, and preſenting it to the Academy, permitted that magnificent aſſemblage to be tranſported for ever from theſe ſhores, to add luſtre to a colder climate. This treaſure was reſerved for that munificent and ſplendid patronizer of the Arts, the Empreſs of Ruſſia.

Had we now the undiſperſed collections of Vandyck, and of Sir Peter Lely, which were ſold after their deaths, and which now enrich many private collections, what a treaſure would theſe have been to the Academy! Mr. Walpole tells us, "That Sir Peter Lely's collection of pictures and drawings was magnificent; he purchaſed many of Vandyck's and the Earl of Arundel's; and the ſecond Villiers pawned many to him, that had remained of his father the Duke of Buckingham. This collection, after Sir Peter's death, was ſold by auction, which laſted 40 days, and produced £.26,000. A liſt of part of this collection was printed with the Duke of Buckingham's collection by Bathoe. It mentions 26 of Vandyck's laſt pictures*."

The

* At Paris, they have the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture; at Rome, the Academy of St. Luke; at Florence, the Imperial Academy of Painting; at Vienna, the Imperial Academy of Drawing and Engraving; at Peterſburgh, the Academy of Arts.

Charles the Firſt (whoſe reign was ſo propitious to the Fine Arts) erected a Royal Academy, which was called the *Muſeum Minervæ*. None but who could prove themſelves gentlemen were to be admitted to education there. Profeſſors were appointed, and Sir Francis Kingſton, in whoſe houſe in Covent Garden the Academy

was

The late Frederick, Prince of Wales, wiſhed, as far as poſſible, to re-aſſemble King Charles's collection.

Sir

was held, was named regent. There is a ſmall account of the deſign of this Academy, with its rules and orders, printed in 1636; but this great deſign fell to the ground with the reſt of that monarch's noble plans.

In the year 1782, the Academy of Painting at Paris were aſſembling the works of all their great maſters, and the upper apartments of the new Louvre were under preparations to give honourable reception to theſe pictures. Through the whole extent of that palace, a length of upwards of 1300 feet, new lights were introducing from its roofs and ſides, in order to produce a regular and equal diſtribution of light through the whole range of the gallery. In addition to theſe works of the French ſchool, were to be collected the numerous and valuable pictures which, for want of room, were huddled together in the moſt unfavourable manner in and about the palace of Verſailles, to the amount of ſome thouſands, by the beſt Italian and other maſters, and of the firſt order. That ineſtimable work of Le Sueur, the Life of St. Bruno, lately in the cloiſter of the Chartreaux (and of which Mr. Walpole ſpeaks ſo highly), was to be removed to this grand aſſemblage of the Arts.

The late Emperor, Joſeph II. a few years ago, ſuggeſted the plan of forming a Flemiſh gallery. It was undetermined whether Bruſſels, where the court reſides, or Antwerp, the city in which the moſt capital of theworks of Rubens are depoſited, ſhould have the preference of having this gallery eſtabliſhed in it.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds thus enforces the neceſſity of ſtudying the works of the great maſters:

" On whom then can he rely, or who ſhall ſhew him the path that leads to excellence? The anſwer is obvious: thoſe great maſters, who have travelled the ſame road with ſucceſs, are the moſt likely to conduct others. The works of thoſe who have ſtood the teſt of ages, have a claim to that reſpect and veneration to which no modern can pretend. The duration and ſtability of their fame is ſufficient to evince that it has not been ſuſpended upon the ſlender thread of faſhion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every tie of ſympathetic approbation."

And again:

" Our minds ſhould be habituated to the contemplation of excellence, and, far from being contented to make ſuch habits the diſcipline of our youth only, we ſhould, to the laſt moment of our lives, continue a ſettled intercourſe with all the

Charles Rogers

Sir Joſhua's collection of the Great Maſters of paſt times muſt be very valuable. We have ſome few prints taken from pictures in his collection. In "A Collection of Prints in Imitation of Drawings, by Charles Rogers, eſq. which are ſelected from the drawings of great maſters from the cabinets of his Majeſty, and of other diſtinguiſhed admirers of the Arts in England, are fifteen from the collection of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, viz.

A Madona and Young Jeſus, by *Michael Angelo.*
A Study, by *Michael Angelo.*
Three Young Men, by *Rafaelle.*
Terrae Motus, by *Rafaelle.*
Two Lovers, by *Baccio Bandinelli.*
A Subject unknown, by *Battiſta Franco.*
The Firſt Thought for a large Compoſition, by *P. Veroneſe.*
A Study for a Madona, Infant Jeſus, and St. John, by *Corregio.*
St. Catharine, by *Corregio.*
The Good Samaritain, by *Parmegiano.*
Meditation, by *Parmegiano.*
Clio, the Muſe of Hiſtory, by *Guercino.*
An Old Man, by *Rembrandt.*
An Old Woman, by *Rembrandt.*
A Boy telling his Story, by *Rembrandt* *.

Sir

true examples of grandeur. Their inventions are not only the food of our infancy, but the ſubſtance which ſupplies the fulleſt maturity of our vigour."

And again:

"Study, therefore, the great works of the great maſters for ever. Study, as nearly as you can, in the order, in the manner, on the principles, on which they ſtudied. Study nature attentively, but always with thoſe maſters in your company; conſider them as models which you are to imitate, and at the ſame time as rivals which you are to combat."

whom

* "Drawings," as the editor of the Catalogue of Drawings of the late Mr. Barnard judiciouſly obſerves, "are, in many reſpects, preferable to pictures, for they

Sir Chriſtopher Wren purpoſely deſigned many parts of St. Paul's Cathedral for the reception of paintings, and left many blank ſpaces for them. They are much wanted to fill up that vaſt blank which pervades many parts of the Cathedral. About the year 1770, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and many others of our chief painters, generouſly offered to complete this deſign of Sir Chriſtopher's, in adorning St. Paul's with pictures, taken from the Holy Scriptures, by their own hands, and at their own expence; but this liberal offer was ignorantly refuſed by *Terrick* the then Biſhop of London. This plan was anxiouſly wiſhed for by Dr. Newton, the Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Biſhop of Briſtol, who was, through life, diſtinguiſhed for his refined taſte in the Fine Arts. Thus, owing to the abſurdity of this Biſhop, the Cathedral of St. Paul's, to this day, exhibits, and may to the end of time exhibit, the moſt cold, dreary, and deſolate appearance.

As a ſplendid mauſoleum will ſoon be erected in this Cathedral, to the memory of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and as many artiſts, yet

they exhibit that rapture which inſpired the painter at the inſtant he conceived the bold, the great, or the elegant idea; and by the help of them the very mind and ſoul of the man is traced out and diſcloſed more than in a laboured, poliſhed picture; therefore they cannot be too highly eſtimated, or too intently ſtudied."

And Jonathan Richardſon thus ſpeaks of drawings:

"Of theſe drawings of all kinds thoſe great maſters (whoſe names and memories are ſweet to all true lovers of the art) made very many; ſometimes ſeveral for the ſame thing, not only for the ſame picture, but for one figure or part of a picture; and though too many are periſhed and loſt, a conſiderable number have eſcaped and been preſerved to our times, ſome very well, others not, as it has happened; and theſe are exceedingly prized by all who underſtand and can ſee their beauty; for they are the very ſpirit and quinteſſence of the art; there we ſee the ſteps the maſter took, the materials with which he made his finiſhed paintings, which are little other than copies of theſe, and frequently (at leaſt in part) by ſome other hand; but theſe are undoubtedly altogether his own, and true, and proper, originals."

unborn,

7

unborn, may come from all parts to pay their devotion to the tomb of him who was *the foremoſt of the firſt*; would it not have heightened the attachment of many artiſts, during the ſolemn chaunts of the choir, to have glanced their eye to a devout and maſterly production of his pencil? The works of Rubens adorn the ſepulchre where Rubens repoſes. If the above handſome offer of Sir Joſhua's had not been rejected, *probably* that painted window at New College, Oxford (the admiration of the world), might, for ages hençe, have ſtruck a devout and reverential awe into the breaſt of every one who approached the altar of St. Paul's. The whole together would have reminded one of Pope's inimitable lines on the pomp of devotion, and ſolemn acts of religion, in the church at *Paraclete:*

" Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where thy cold relics lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heaven,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiven."

In the year 1782, that great and good man Dr. Johnſon wrote the following letter to Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

" Dear Sir,

" I heard yeſterday of your late diſorder, and ſhould think ill of myſelf if I had heard of it without alarm. I heard likewiſe of your recovery, which I ſincerely wiſh to be complete and permanent. Your country has been in danger of loſing one of its brighteſt ornaments, and I of loſing one of my oldeſt and kindeſt friends: but I hope you will ſtill live long, for the honour of the nation; and that more enjoyment of your elegance, your intelligence, and your benevolence, is ſtill reſerved for, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate, &c.

" Brighthelmſtone, Nov. 14, 1782. " SAM. JOHNSON."

In the ſummer of 1784, every lover of the Fine Arts received a great ſatisfaction in Sir Joſhua's coming into poſſeſſion of an invaluable portrait of Milton, that had eluded a ſearch of more than ſixty years. The late Mr. Thomas Warton gives this account of the portrait in a note to his valuable edition of Milton's poems, which he publiſhed in 1785:

"Since theſe imperfect and haſty notices were thrown together (namely, the prints of Milton's portraits), Sir Joſhua Reynolds has purchaſed a picture of Milton for one hundred guineas. It was brought to Sir Joſhua laſt ſummer by one Mr. Hunt, a print-ſeller and picture-dealer, who bought it of a broker; but the broker does not know the perſon of whom he had it. The portrait is dreſſed in black, with a band; and the painter's mark and date are *S. C.* 1653. This is written on the back: *This picture belonged to Deborah Milton, who was her father's emanuenſis: at her death it was ſold to Sir W. Davenant's family. It was painted by Mr. Samuel Cooper, who was painter to Oliver Cromwell at the time Milton was Latin ſecretary to the Protector. The painter and poet were near of the ſame age; Milton was born in* 1608, *and died in* 1674; *and Cooper was born in* 1609, *and died in* 1672, *and were companions and friends till death parted them. Several encouragers and lovers of the Fine Arts at that time wanted this picture, particularly Lord Dorſet, John Somers, Eſq. Sir Robert Howard, Dryden, Atterbury, Dr. Aldrich, and Sir John Denham.* Lord Dorſet was probably the lucky man; for this ſeems to be the very picture for which, as I have before obſerved, Vertue wiſhed Prior to ſearch in Lord Dorſet's collection. Sir Joſhua Reynolds ſays,—'The picture is admirably painted, and with ſuch a character of nature, that I am perfectly ſure it was a ſtriking likeneſs. I have now a diſtant idea of the countenance of Milton, which cannot be got from any of the other pictures

that I have ſeen. It is perfectly preſerved, which ſhews that it has been ſhut up in ſome drawer; if it had been expoſed to the light, the colours would, long before this, have vaniſhed—'."

And, in a ſupplemental note, Mr. Warton adds:

" It muſt be owned, that this miniature of Milton, lately purchaſed by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, ſtrongly reſembles Vandyck's picture of Selden, in the Bodleian library at Oxford: and it is highly probable that Cooper ſhould have executed a miniature of Selden, as a companion to the heads of other heroes of the commonwealth. For Cooper painted Oliver Cromwell, in the poſſeſſion of the Frankland family, and another in profile at Devonſhire-houſe; Richard Cromwell, at Strawberry-hill; ſecretary Thurlow, belonging to Lord James Cavendiſh; and Ireton, Cromwell's general, now or late in the collection of David Polſhill, eſq. Cooper was painter to the party, if ſuch a party could have a painter. The inference, however, might be applied to prove, that this head is Cooper's miniature of Milton."

Sir Joſhua Reynolds, willing to indulge the curioſity of the publick in their viewing the countenance of Milton, cauſed this head to be engraved in a ſtyle of ſuperlative excellence by Caroline Watſon *.

Sir

* In " A Catalogue of the Pictures, Sculptures, &c. exhibited by the Society of Artiſts of Great Britain, at their Academy near Exeter Change," in April, 1775, I find this entry: " N° 119, a view of the houſe in *Chaffont St. Giles's*, Bucks, where Milton reſided during the plague in London, and where he wrote his L'Allegro. By Mr. Jones, F. S. A."

Dr. Johnſon thus mentions Milton:

" Being driven from all public ſtations, he is yet too great not to be traced by curioſity to his retirement; where he has been found by Mr. Richardſon, the fondeſt of his admirers, *ſitting before his door in a grey coat of coarſe cloth, in warm ſultry weather, to enjoy the freſh air; and ſo, as well as in his own room, receiving the*

Sir Joſhua Reynolds, by his will, bequeaths this picture to the Rev. Mr. Maſon.

The declining health of Dr. Johnſon, now in his 75th year, cauſed a great anxiety among his friends to preſerve ſo ineſtimable a life; and they planned for him a winter's reſidence in Italy, as preferable to the ſeverity of a Britiſh climate. His old and intimate friend Sir Joſhua Reynolds, as well as Mr. Boſwell, eager to extend a life ſo dear to themſelves, and ſo valuable to the publick, and yet thinking Dr. Johnſon's finances not equal to the project, deemed it moſt proper to ſuggeſt the matter to the Chancellor, requeſting his good offices with the King. Mr. Boſwell wrote to the Chancellor, and, on Monday, June 28, had the honour to receive from his Lordſhip the following letter:

viſits of people of diſtinguiſhed parts as well as quality. His viſitors of high quality muſt now be imagined to be few; but men of parts might reaſonably court the converſation of a man ſo generally illuſtrious, that foreigners are reported, by Wood, to have viſited the houſe in Bread-ſtreet where he was born.

"According to another account, he was ſeen in a ſmall houſe, *neatly enough dreſſed in black clothes, ſitting in a room hung with ruſty green; pale, but not cadaverous, with chalk-ſtones in his hands. He ſaid, that if it were not for the gout, his blindneſs would be tolerable.*"

see Smirke's picture of the Poet in southwark in such a room. in my possession

On the 30th of January, 1778, was buried Mr. George Baſkerville, of Croſby-ſquare, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet. Having all his life-time been an enthuſiaſtic admirer of Milton, he requeſted, on his death-bed, that his executors would bury him cloſe by Milton. On this occaſion the proper enquiries were made; and it was found that Milton was buried *near the pulpit, on the right-hand ſide, at the upper end of the middle aiſle.* Mr. Baſkerville's coffin was placed by the ſide of Milton's, which was of lead, and appeared to be in good preſervation. Mr. Baſkerville was a man of ability and integrity in his profeſſion of an attorney at law, of an enlarged and liberal mind, of great benevolence, a man of letters, in a word, one who was loved moſt by thoſe who knew him beſt, in whoſe remembrance he will long be had in tender and reſpectful eſtimation.

"To

"To James Boſwell, Eſq.

"Sir,

"I ſhould have anſwered your letter immediately, if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning. 1782

"I am much obliged to you for the ſuggeſtion, and I will adopt and preſs it as far as I can. The beſt argument, I am ſure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnſon's merit. But it will be neceſſary, if I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to miſs ſeeing you, to converſe with Sir Joſhua on the ſum it will be proper to aſk; in ſhort, upon the means of ſetting him out. It would be a reflexion on us all, if ſuch a man ſhould periſh for want of the means to take care of his health.

"Yours, &c. "THURLOW."

This application was made, not only without any ſuggeſtion on the part of Dr. Johnſon himſelf, but was utterly unknown to him. It was, however, ſoon mentioned to him.

Dr. Johnſon wrote thus to Sir Joſhua Reynolds on the 6th of July:

"If the Chancellor ſhould continue his attention to Mr. Boſwell's requeſt, and confer with you on the means of relieving my languid ſtate, I am very deſirous to avoid the appearance of aſking money upon falſe pretences. In my preſent ſtate I am deſirous to make a ſtruggle for a little longer life, and hope to obtain ſome help from a ſofter climate."

The Chancellor ſoon after called on Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and acquainted him, that the application he had made to the King for a temporary addition to Dr. Johnſon's penſion had not been ſucceſsful; but he deſired Sir Joſhua to let Dr. Johnſon know, that he might draw immediately on him to the amount of five or ſix hundred

hundred pounds; and his Lordſhip (knowing well the mind of Johnſon) particularly wiſhed the buſineſs to be conducted in ſuch a manner as that Dr. Johnſon ſhould appear to be under the leaſt poſſible obligation. The idea of a mortgage of Johnſon's penſion was therefore ſuggeſted as the moſt likely means to induce him to accept the money without loſs of time, and fly to the climate of Italy.

Johnſon however ſoon ſaw through the Chancellor's ſoul; and this liberal and unexpected offer, from a quarter where he had no right to expect it, called forth all his gratitude; and, from Aſhbourne, in Derbyſhire, on the 9th of September, he thus writes to Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

" Many words, I hope, are not neceſſary between you and me, to convince you what gratitude is excited in my heart by the Chancellor's liberality, and your kind offices. I have encloſed a letter to the Chancellor, which, when you have read it, you will be pleaſed to ſeal with a head, or any other general ſeal, and convey it to him: had I ſent it directly to him, I ſhould have ſeemed to overlook the favour of your intervention:"

" To the Lord High Chancellor.

" My Lord,

" After a long and not inattentive obſervation of mankind, the generoſity of your Lordſhip's offer raiſes in me not leſs wonder than gratitude. Bounty, ſo liberally beſtowed, I ſhould gladly receive, if my condition made it neceſſary; for, to ſuch a mind, who would not be proud to own his obligations? But it has pleaſed God to reſtore me to ſo great a meaſure of health, that, if I ſhould now appropriate ſo much of a fortune deſtined to do good, I could not eſcape from myſelf the charge of advancing a falſe claim. My journey to the continent, though I once thought it neceſ-

neceſſary, was never much encouraged by my phyſicians; and I was very deſirous that your Lordſhip ſhould be told of it by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, as an event very uncertain; for, if I grew much better, I ſhould not be willing, if much worſe, not able, to migrate. Your Lordſhip was firſt ſolicited without my knowledge; but when I was told that you were pleaſed to honour me with your patronage, I did not expect to hear of a refuſal; yet, as I have ha no long time to brood hope, and have not rioted in imaginary opulence, this cold reception has been ſcarce a diſappointmen; and, from your Lordſhip's kindneſs, I have received a benefit, which only men like you are able to beſtow. I ſhall now live *mihi carior*, with a higher opinion of my own merit.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

"Moſt grateful, and moſt humble ſervant,

"Sept. 1784. "SAM. JOHNSON *."

In

* In the year 1731 (I am partly quoting Mr. Boſwell's work), when Johnſon (in his 22d year) was at Oxford, the lectures of a Mr. Bateman of Chriſt-Church were ſo excellent, that Johnſon uſed to come and get them at ſecond-hand, till his poverty *being ſo extreme*, that his ſhoes were worn out, and his feet appearing through them, he ſaw this humiliating circumſtance was perceived by the Chriſt-Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and ſomebody having ſet a pair of new ſhoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. The very ſcanty remittances from his parents at Litchfield, which had all along been made with very great difficulty, could be ſupplied no longer, his father having fallen into a ſtate of inſolvency; he was therefore compelled, by irreſiſtible neceſſity, to leave the college in autumn 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years, and returned to his native city deſtitute, and not knowing how he ſhould gain even a decent livelihood. His father's miſfortunes in trade rendered him unable to ſupport his ſon; and for ſome time there appeared no means by which he could maintain himſelf. In the December of this year his father died. The ſtate of poverty in which he died appears from a note in

1784. In this ſame year, in the month of Auguſt, Sir Joſhua received another letter from Dr. Johnſon, who was then at Aſhborne, which ſhews his attachment to Sir Joſhua:

"Having had, ſince our ſeparation, little to ſay that could pleaſe you or myſelf, by ſaying, I have not been laviſh of uſeleſs letters. Poor Ramſay! on which ſide ſoe'er I turn, morality preſents its formidable frown. I left three old friends at Lichfield, when I was laſt there, and now found them all dead. I no ſooner loſe ſight of dear Allen, than I am told that I ſhall ſee him no more. That we muſt all die we always knew; I wiſh I had ſooner remembered it. Do not think me intruſive or importunate, if I now call, dear Sir, on you to remember it."

Sir Joſhua Reynolds was preſented with the freedom of the Painters Company on the 10th of October in this year, being the annual feſtival of St. Luke their patron; and at the ſame time was preſented with theſe verſes:

"Hail! favoured Maſter of that Art divine,
Which bids all Nature on the canvaſs ſhine;
That ever beauteous, ever friendly art,
Which wakes the feelings, and which warms the heart,
Which to our eyes reſtores the mighty dead,
And bids unfading laurel crown their head;
The lilly, mingled with the bluſhing roſe,
Which on the cheek of Beauty futile blows,

in one of Johnſon's little diaries of the following year, which ſtrongly diſplays his ſpirit and virtuous dignity of mind; it is in Latin, but thus tranſlated: "1732, July 15. I layed by eleven guineas on this day, when I received twenty pounds, being all that I have reaſon to hope for out of my father's effects, previous to the death of my mother, an event which, I pray God, may be very remote. I now therefore ſee that I muſt make my own fortune; meanwhile let me take care that the powers of my mind may not be debilitated by poverty, and that indigence do not force me into any criminal act."

Pourtray'd by thee, can Pride and Fate defy,
And ſtill with mimic beauty charm the eye.
" 'Thus lovely Thais from the Maſter's hand
Still blooms in youth, and ſtill ſhe graſps the brand.
Her power the " vanquiſhed victor" well might own,
If ſuch her charms as by thy pencil ſhewn.
And thus, when Dido's beauteous form we ſee
And view, what once ſhe was, diſplay'd by thee,
We ſcorn Æneas for the fancied wrong,
Yet praiſe the Poet's ſweetly erring ſong,
Which form'd a tale ſo tender, tho' untrue,
That borrows fame from Maro and from You.
So when thy magic pencil brings to ſight
The charms of Virtue in each varied light,
Thy powers firm Faith or melting Hope diſplay,
Mark all their beauties and aſſiſt their ſway.
But ceaſe, vain Muſe, nor too adventurous ſoar,
Each happy work of Reynolds to explore;
Some pen more favour'd ſhall record his name,
Some happier Poet emulate his fame.
Too bleſt the bard, if artleſs lines like theſe,
Grac'd by that name, can for a moment pleaſe,
The moment granted to peruſe her lays,
Whilſt he forgives the homage which ſhe pays.
And ye Protectors of that pleaſing art,
Which warms, which animates, the feeling heart;
Which bids the pencil's vivid colours glow,
With all the radiance of the heav'nly bow,
Who boaſt a Thornhill's, Agga's, Lambert's name,
Now add a Reynolds to your roll of fame!
He, in whoſe character we proudly find,
Genius and Virtue, rareſt powers, combin'd.
May you ſtill flouriſh, opulent and great,
Your country's pride, till time's remoteſt date!

Health, wealth, and honours, may you ever ſhare,
Still worthy Cattons * dignify your chair!
To future ages Reynolds be reſtor'd,
And future Weſts and Copleys † grace your board!

In the autumn of 1785, Sir Joſhua made a very pleaſing excurſion to the Netherlands, and (as did numbers of Engliſh gentlemen, remarkable for their taſte in the fine arts) attended the grand ſale of pictures at Bruſſels. Theſe paintings were taken from the different monaſteries and religious houſes in Flanders and Germany by command of the late Emperor Joſeph, and were chiefly upon ſubjects from the Scriptures and Popiſh legends. Sir Joſhua, in this country (ſo much viſited by the curious and lovers of the Arts), laid out about one thouſand pounds. The ſale commenced on the 12th of September, and was expected to continue, without interruption, till the latter end of October ‡.

In

* Charles Catton, eſq. R. A. being then Maſter.

† Thoſe gentlemen being at the ſame time invited to the feaſt.

‡ Sir Joſhua tells us, in one of his Diſcourſes, "That, in his laſt interview with Gainſborough, he could perceive, that his regret at loſing life was principally *the regret of leaving his art*: perhaps Sir Joſhua Reynolds himſelf too *felt this ruling paſſion ſtrong in death.*"

The following letter was ſent, in the year 1785, to the Editor of the General Evening Poſt:

"Sir,

"In conſequence of the diſſolution of the convents on the continent, a large number of valuable articles are at this time diſperſed over the country; MSS. plate, pictures, painted glaſs, &c. many of which, if the favourable opportunity were taken, might be purchaſed, no doubt, at a reaſonable rate. You may remember what treaſures Archbiſhop Parker, and after him Sir Robert Cotton, amaſſed there, on a ſimilar occaſion, in the ſingle articles of MSS. and therefore it would be great pity that proper uſe ſhould not be made of the preſent conjuncture.

"What

In the year 1786, Sir Joſhua was ſo fortunate as to meet with a valuable head of *Cromwell*, which had long remained concealed from the eye of taſte in the falſe bottom of a gold ſnuff-box; and which was the identical portrait which Cooper painted to enable Simons the ſculptor to form his model of the Protector. This is the only portrait of the Protector by Cooper that was ever finiſhed. That celebrated painter prevailed on Cromwell to ſit a ſecond time; but, a difference ariſing, he took away the picture before it was finiſhed. This very portrait, in its imperfect ſtate, is now in the poſſeſſion of Sir Thomas Frankland, one of Oliver's immediate deſcendants. The portrait in Sir Joſhua's poſſeſſion was ſhewn to his preſent Majeſty. "How much," ſaid ſome one, "would

"What I would propoſe in this ſtate of things is, that ſome of our people, with purſes well filled with money, or their pocket-books competently ſtored with bills, ſhould immediately croſs the channel and try their fortune; and connoiſſeurs, I ſhould hope, would hardly miſs of ſucceſs. If they were dealers, one can ſcarce doubt, ſuppoſing them to be tolerably qualified as judges, but they would purchaſe the reſpective articles at ſuch an eaſy price as to gain ſufficiently by them; and even this would in ſome meaſure anſwer our purpoſe, viz. by importing a good cargo of MSS. or other valuables, into this iſland.

"But the beſt would be for ſome gentlemen of ſcience, fortune, and inclination, amateurs, to make the trip, and to take different routes. Theſe, however, ſhould be perſons of liberal and communicative minds, no hoarders, but ready and willing to impart the uſe of what they may happen to meet with and acquire abroad unto others; ſince, otherwiſe, their acquiſitions might juſt as well remain where now they are, and ſo be entirely loſt to us.

"Yours, &c. "T. R."

The following article of intelligence appeared in the ſame paper, Oct. 13, 1785:

"By letters from Florence we are given to underſtand, that the curious in pictures are ſoon likely to be gratified with a ſale, perhaps not ſo numerous, but of a more choice collection than thoſe lately diſpoſed of at Bruſſels, by material revolutions in the religious houſes of Italy. His Neapolitan Majeſty, theſe advices inform us, is determined on following the example of the Emperor; and other Princes in that neighbourhood have ſimilar meaſures in agitation."

Charles the Firſt have valued that man who had brought *him* the head of *Cromwell* !*"

In the year 1788, Sir Joſhua Reynolds gave one *ſitting* to his diſtinguiſhed rival *Gainſborough!* but the unexpected death of the latter prevented all further progreſs. The admirers of the Art have to regret, that the engagement between theſe two artiſts for the painting of each other's portrait was not carried into execution, the canvas being ſtretched for both.

The Diſcourſe delivered this year to the Students of the Academy, by Sir Joſhua, is wholly on the works of Mr. Gainſborough; and Sir Joſhua thus ſpeaks of him:

"If ever this nation ſhould produce genius ſufficient to acquire to us the honourable diſtinction of an *Engliſh School*, the name of Gainſborough will be tranſmitted to poſterity, in the Hiſtory of the Art, among the very firſt of that riſing name. That our reputation in the Arts is now only riſing, muſt be acknowledged.———— ———— Of theſe cauſes we muſt ſtate, as the fundamental, the love which he had to his art; to which, indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted, and to which every thing he ſaw was referred; and this we may fairly conclude from various circumſtances of his life which were known to his intimate friends.———— The firſt thing required to excel in our art, or, I believe, in any art, is not only a love for it, but even an enthuſiaſtic ambition to excel in it. This never fails of ſucceſs proportioned to the natural abilities with which the artiſt has been endowed by Providence. Of Gainſborough, we certainly know, that his paſſion was not the acquirement of riches, but excellence in his art; and to enjoy that honourable fame which is ſure to attend it.

* In 1785, at the ſale of Mr. Reynolds's property (the clerk of the Arraigns) a miniature picture of *Fairfax*, the republican general againſt *Charles*, painted by Cooper, was ſold for 60 guineas.

That

That *he felt his ruling paſſion ſtrong in death*, I am myſelf a witneſs. A few days before he died he wrote me a letter, to expreſs his acknowledgements for the good opinion I entertained of his abilities, and the manner in which (he had been informed) I always ſpoke of him, and deſired he might ſee me, once more, before he died. I am aware how flattering it is to myſelf to be thus connected with the dying teſtimony which this excellent painter bore to his art. But I cannot prevail upon myſelf to ſuppreſs that I was not connected with him by any habits of familiarity: if any little jealouſy had ſubſiſted between us, they were forgotten in thoſe moments of ſincerity; and he turned towards me as one who was engroſſed by the ſame purſuits, and who deſerved his good opinion, by being ſenſible of his excellence. Without entering into a detail of what paſſed at this laſt interview, the impreſſion of it upon my mind was, that his regret at loſing life was principally the regret of leaving his art *."

Sir

* The remains of this benevolent and amiable man were depoſited in a private grave in Kew church-yard, his requeſt being, to be buried near his friend Kirby, and to have his name only cut upon his monumental ſtone. He was attended from his houſe in Pall-Mall to this dreary manſion by a few ſelect friends, conſiſting of the following gentlemen:

Mr. Sheridan, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Mr. John Hunter, Mr. Linley, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Bartolozzi, Mr. Dupont, Mr. Paul Sandby, Mr. Cotes, Mr. Myers, Mr. Goſſett, Mr. Buttall, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Trimmer.

The pall in the proceſſion to the church was ſuſtained by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Bartolozzi, Mr. Cotes, and Mr. P. Sandby.

I know no man to whom the following lines from Beattie's *Minſtrell* can ſo well apply as to Mr. Gainſborough; all will acknowledge this who knew the caſt of his genius, his penſive and unſullied mind:

"Let Vanity adorn

Sir Joſhua Reynolds poſſeſſed great literary abilities, and was, through life, a very brilliant companion. He was one of that ſelect party of aſſociated geniuſes ſo admirably characterized by Dr. Goldſmith in his *Retaliation.* Sterne, David Garrick, Goldſmith, Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Burke, the two Warton's, Dr. Beattie, Mr. Maſon, Mr. Malone, all cultivated the converſation, and enjoyed the friendſhip, of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

Mr. Garrick never had a warmer advocate than Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

The circle of his acquaintance, owing to the celebrity of his name, was very extended. Many illuſtrious foreigners were perſonally intimate with Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He was reſorted to by perſons of the higheſt quality, who revered his genius as much as they reſpected the excellence of his private character. His houſe was long the reſort of excellence of every kind; the learned,

" Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and ſcutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of ſome Gothic dome,
Where night and deſolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that ſkirts the down,
Where a green graſſy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet beſtrown,
Faſt by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening ſun ſhine ſweetly on my grave.
And thither let the village ſwain repair,
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-diſhevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the ſhepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haſte to go,
No ghoſt nor ſpell my long and laſt abode ſhall know."

the elegant, the polite, all that were eminent for their worth, or diſtinguiſhed by their genius. From ſuch connections, his mind, rich in its own ſtore, received an acceſſion of moſt extenſive knowledge, and an inexhauſtible treaſure for converſation. He was rich in obſervation, anecdote, and intelligence. "I know no man," ſaid Dr. Johnſon, "who has paſſed through life with more obſervation than Sir Joſhua Reynolds." The ſenſible and ſcientific Richardſon obſerves, "That a painter ſhould frequent the brighteſt company, and avoid the reſt: Rafaelle was perpetually converſant with the fineſt geniuſes, and the greateſt men at Rome; and ſuch as theſe were his intimate friends. Giulio Romano, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, &c. to name no more, knew well how to ſet a value upon themſelves in this particular."

To the pen of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, as well as to his pencil, the tribute of praiſe muſt not be withheld. The following works (though few in number) will ſhew his literary character to have been highly reſpectable:

Three letters, written in the year 1759, and preſented to Dr. Johnſon, to be inſerted in his *Idler*. They treat, on the cant of criticiſm, on Michael Angelo, and on the practice of the Italian and Dutch painters. They do not diſgrace that valuable work. His veneration for Michael Angelo appears in one of theſe letters; and this veneration may be traced through the whole ſeries of his Diſcourſes to the Academy. Whenever his pen touches on the learning and conceptions of Michael Angelo, he diſcovers an enthuſiaſm of intellectual energy *.

In

* Dr. Goldſmith, juſt before his death, had formed a deſign of publiſhing an Encyclopedia, or Univerſal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the proſpectus of which he actually printed and diſtributed among his acquaintance. In this work ſeveral of his literary friends, particularly Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr.

In the year 1782, the Rev. Mr. Maſon (the author of that celebrated work *The Engliſh Garden)* publiſhed, in quarto, a tranſlation of Du Freſnoy's *Art of Painting*; and Sir Joſhua's friendſhip for Mr. Maſon induced him to enrich this edition with annotations. They are valuable both to the ſtudent and connoiſſeur; they are a happy diſplay of that nice diſcrimination which peculiarly marks the pen of Sir Joſhua Reynolds. To this edition is prefixed an Epiſtle from Mr. Maſon to Sir Joſhua, which concludes in theſe lines:

" And oh! if ought thy poet can pretend,
Beyond his favourite wiſh, to call thee friend,
Be it that here his tuneful toil has dreſt
The Muſe of Freſnoy in a modern veſt;
And, with what ſkill his fancy could beſtow,
Taught the cloſe folds to take an eaſier flow;
Be it, that here thy partial ſmile approv'd
The pains he laviſh'd on the Art he lov'd *."

To Sir Joſhua Reynolds (both in converſation and in writing) Shakſpeare is indebted for many a beautiful elucidation. Some of them enrich the later editions of this poet. The Diſcourſes to the Students of the Academy, evidently ſhew his attachment to Shakſpeare. He has been often heard, at various periods of his life (among his intimate friends), to apply Cicero's words to the charm attending the peruſal of the great dramatic poet: " Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi,

Mr. Garrick, had promiſed to aſſiſt, and to furniſh, him with articles upon different ſubjects. He had entertained the moſt ſanguine expectations from the ſucceſs of it. Death, however, prevented all further progreſs.

* Sir Joſhua, in his will, bequeaths his portrait of Milton to Mr. Maſon.

non

non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur." A report was prevalent, a very few years ago, that Sir Joſhua meant, in a great meaſure, to have declined Portrait-painting, in order to have dedicated the remainder of his days in contemplating and deſigning the ſcenes of Shakſpeare. Perhaps this might be the fond conceit, or the indulged hope, of his admirers; perhaps he might be checked, from his alarming decay of ſight.

The Diſcourſes which Sir Joſhua Reynolds delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, in the month of December in each year, from its inſtitution, are the works that chiefly beſtow on him the character of an eſtimable writer. Theſe Diſcourſes (which were meant *to animate and to guide the Students in their future attempts)* have been regularly printed; and Sir Joſhua's profound knowledge in the art he profeſſed, his claſſical attainments, his poliſhed mind, all appear conſpicuous in theſe Diſcourſes. They are treaſures of information to the Student, and to the Proficient; and the elegance and chaſtity of language which prevades them has very ſeldom been equalled by the moſt eminent of our writers.

The Diſcourſes have been tranſlated into the French language; and the late Joſeph Baretti tranſlated them into the Italian language.

Sir Joſhua had this in common with Apelles, that they were both excellent painters, and that they both wrote upon the art. Pliny mentions, that, in his time, there were ſome lectures of Apelles extant upon painting. Sir Peter Paul Rubens (if he had been ſo diſpoſed), from his ſtrength of intellect, and from the claſſic elegance of his mind, might have ennobled the art ſtill more by his pen. Sir Joſhua Reynolds wrote with the ſame happy ſkill with which he painted.

Envy, however, has attacked theſe Diſcourſes—for what will ſhe not attack? It has been ſaid, that the firſt Diſcourſe was

written by Dr. Goldſmith, and that ſome of the other Diſcourſes were written by Mr. Burke, or Dr. Johnſon—willing to give the praiſe to any but the real writer. And though Sir Joſhua was placed at the head of the Royal Academy by his own intrinſic merit alone, and has, on every occaſion, diſtinguiſhed himſelf as the *true* friend of the arts; yet it has been meanly queſtioned, whether he was not more indebted for that advancement to intrigue, than to merit. But

what king ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?

One is ſorry of late years to have heard of ſo many diſcords and invidious factions prevailing in the Academy. Theſe mean paſſions are beneath the dignity of an Artiſt's mind. They are but a poor return for the honourable diſtinction and regal patronage which the Academy received at its firſt inſtitution. Richardſon obſerves, "That a painter ought to have a ſweet and happy turn of mind, that great and lovely ideas may have reception there; theſe contribute to his happineſs *."

Some one obſerves, "That it was generally objected to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, that he either concealed his opinions in regard to works of art, or communicated only ſuch as were agreeable." This conduct, which was by his enemies conſidered as an inſincere policy, was, in fact, a caution reſulting from long acquaintance

* J. de Sonnelfels, a German, publiſhed at Vienna, in 1773, a *Diſcourſe on the Urbanity or Politeneſs of Artiſts.* It has not yet been tranſlated, I believe, either into the French or Italian languages; but the Critical Review for Auguſt 1773 gives this account of it: "This Diſcourſe endeavours to inſpire young Artiſts with principles of a decent, polite conduct towards perſons of all ranks; with docility for criticiſm, with juſtice and equity to the talents and merits of their fellow-ſtudents; and delineates the portrait of a reſpectable and amiable artiſt."

with

with life, and the malignity of mankind. With his friends his conduct was very different.

Of Sir Joſhua Reynolds I find the following portraits:

His Portrait painted by himſelf, in the Council-chamber of the Royal Academy at Somerſet-houſe.

Another Portrait, painted by himſelf, is in Mr. Boydell's Shakſpeare Gallery, among thoſe of the other painters who are now engaged in painting ſcenes for Mr. Boydell's edition of that poet.

He preſented his own Portrait, painted by himſelf, to be added to the Gallery of Painters at Florence.

The laſt Portrait Sir Joſhua Reynolds drew of himſelf was with ſpectacles.

Spicer, Portrait-painter in enamel to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, drew, in 1791, a beautiful and elaborate copy of this laſt and celebrated portrait of Sir Joſhua.

We have the following engravings of Sir Joſhua's Portrait:

Sir Joſhua Reynolds, *head in profile*, drawn by P. Falconet, 1760, engraved by Pariſet. A copy of this Portrait is prefixed to the 4*to* edition of the Works of Jonathan Richardſon, in 1792.

D° *head in metz.* by J. Watſon.

D° *head*, by Collyer.

D° *head in metz.* by Townly.

D° *half-length in metz.* by Val. Green, from the Portrait painted by himſelf, in Somerſet-houſe.

D° *head*, engraved in 1784 by Sherwin.

The Portrait in Mr. Boydell's Gallery is undoubtedly the beſt painted Head of Sir Joſhua. Perhaps the next in merit is that at Somerſet-houſe. The Head engraved by the lately deceaſed Sherwin is ſingularly fine, and merits every poſſible encomium: the engraving, the air, the employment, the *mind* diſcoverable in this portrait, all is maſterly.

Many writers have teſtified their admiration of Sir Joſhua's powers over the art he preſided at; of his talents as a cultivated ſcholar; and of his urbanity, his ſocial, and gentleman-like manners.

Mr. *Sterne*, in the 6th volume of his Triſtram Shandy (written about the year 1762), thus mentions Mr. Reynolds:

"I would not anſwer for my aunt Dinah, was ſhe alive—faith ſcarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds.—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming *that ſon of Apollo*, I'll be ſhot."

Dr. *Goldſmith*, ever an ardent admirer of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, thus dedicates, in 1769, *The Deſerted Village* to him: I will tranſcribe part of this dedication:

"I can have no expectations, in an addreſs of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to eſtabliſh my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are ſaid to excel; and I may loſe much by the ſeverity of your judgement, as few have a juſter taſte in poetry than you. Setting intereſt, therefore, aſide, to which I never paid much attention, I muſt be indulged at preſent in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, becauſe I loved him better than moſt other men. He is ſince dead. Permit me to inſcribe this poem to you."

Dr. *Goldſmith*, in his *Retaliation*, thus records Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

"Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiſer behind;
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill, he was ſtill hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his trumpet, and only took ſnuff*."

Mr. *Cumberland*, in his Epiſtle to Dr. Goldſmith, or Supplement to his *Retaliation*, thus mentions Sir Joſhua:

" Pour forth to Reynolds, without ſtint,
Rich Burgandy, of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue ſhall come in aid,
With ruddy lights to refreſh the faces,
And warm the boſoms of the Graces."

Dr. *Barnard*, Dean of Derry, having advanced, in converſation with Sir Joſhua Reynolds and others, that he thought no man could improve when he was paſt the age of forty-five; Dr. Samuel Johnſon, who was in company, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him, " That he was an inſtance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean), and wiſhed he'd ſet about it:" upon which the Dean, the next day, ſent the following elegant verſes to Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

" To Sir Joſhua Reynolds, and Co.
" By the Dean of Derry.

" I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve paſt forty-five,
And ventur'd to aſſert it;
The obſervation was not new,
But ſeem'd to me ſo juſt and true,
That none could controvert it.

* Sir Joſhua was ſo remarkably deaf, as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company. His ſilver ear-trumpet always accompanied him.

" 'No

" ' No, Sir,' ſays Johnſon, ' 'tis not ſo,
That's your miſtake, and I can ſhew
An inſtance if you doubt it;
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve, 'tis not too late,
I wiſh you'd ſet about it.'

" Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counſel in my thoughts
Which way I ſhould apply it;
Learning and Wit ſeem'd paſt my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
And Wit—I could not buy it.

" Then come, my friends, and try your ſkill,
You can inform me if you will,
(My books are at a diſtance);
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Inſtead of books, I ſhall read men,
So lend me your aſſiſtance.

" *Dear Knight of Plympton, tell me how*
To ſuffer with unruffled brow,
And ſmile ſerene like thine;
The jeſt uncouth, or truth ſevere,
To ſuch I'll turn my deafeſt ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

" *Thou ſay'ſt, not only ſkill is gain'd,*
But Genius too may be attain'd,
By ſtudious imitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine
I'll copy till I make thee mine
By conſtant application.

" Thy art of pleaſing, teach me, Garrick,
Thou * who reverſeſt Odes Pindarick,
A ſecond time read o'er;
Oh could we read thee backwards too,
Laſt thirty years thou ſhould'ſt review,
And charm us thirty more.

" If I have thoughts, and can't expreſs 'em,
Gibbon ſhall teach me how to dreſs 'em
In terms ſelect and terſe;
Jones teach me modeſty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to ſpeak,
And Beauclerc to converſe.

" Let Johnſon teach me how to place,
In faireſt light, each borrow'd grace,
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear familiar ſtyle,
And from the roughneſs of his file
Grow like himſelf—polite."

Thomas Evans, the late bookſeller, thus dedicates his edition of Goldſmith's Poems to Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

" Sir,

" I am happy in having your permiſſion to inſcribe to you this complete edition of the truly poetical works of your late ingenious friend Oliver Goldſmith. They will prove a laſting monument of his Genius. Every lover of ſcience muſt deeply lament that this excellent writer, after long ſtruggling with adverſity, finiſhed his mortal career juſt as his reputation was firmly eſtabliſhed, and he had acquired the friendſhip of *Sir Joſhua Reynolds*, *Dr. Johnſon*,

* Mr. Garrick, being aſked to read Cumberland's Odes, laughed immoderately, and affirmed, that ſuch works might be read backwards as well as forwards.

Mr.

Mr. Edmund Burke, the *Dean of Derry*, *Mr. Beauclerck*, and *Mr. Cumberland*, names which adorn our age and nation. It is, Sir, being merely an *echo* of the *public voice* to celebrate your admirable productions,

"In which to lateſt times the artiſt lives."

"Had Dr. Goldſmith underſtood the art of painting, of which he modeſtly declares himſelf ignorant, his pen would have done juſtice to the merits of your pencil. He choſe a nobler theme, by declaring his ardent affection for the *virtues of your heart*. That you may long continue, Sir, the ornament of your country, and the delight of your friends, is the ſincere wiſh of your moſt obliged, humble ſervant, "T. Evans."

"Reynolds is original in his manner, and as bold and free in his ſtyle as any painter that Italy ever produced. Freedom is indeed his principal characteriſtic; to this he ſeems to ſacrifice every other conſideration: he has, however, two manners; in one he checks the extreme freedom of his daſhing pencil, *works* his figures more into an expreſſion that may, in compariſon with his other pieces, be called *minute*; in theſe the colouring is natural and good. But in his bolder, better works, the colours are graceful rather than chaſte; they have the eaſe of drawings, and mark how little attention was given by the artiſt to make them durable. In his attitudes he is generally full of grace, eaſe, and variety; he can throw his figures at will into the boldeſt variations, and ventures at ſome poſtures, by which inferior painters would inevitably damn their works. His learning in his art is great; and this has made him ſlight colours too much on compariſon with drawing; the latter alone is certainly ſuperior to the former alone; but the true beauty of fine colouring is an eſſential, and ſhould never be neg-

neglected. In a word, this painter is more a man of genius than an agreeable artiſt. There is more fire than nature in his works; more energy than ſoftneſs; more eaſe than beauty; ſuch as will rather awaken knowledge than kindle pleaſure." *Letters concerning the Preſent State of England*, 1772.

"Sir Joſhua Reynolds*, that rare maſter, who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom." *Winter's Tale.*

——— Admi-

* Theſe two characters of Sir Joſhua are taken from a popular publication in 1778, called *Modern Characters from Shakſpeare.* The origin of this book is beſt explained in its preface:

"A convivial circle of perſons of diſtinction aſſembled yeſterday in *Groſvenor-ſquare*, to uſher-in the new year, where, after dinner, it was diſputed for ſome time, *what author had drawn the moſt numerous and finiſhed likeneſſes of mankind?* An old-faſhioned peer, the noble owner of the hotel, contended for *Shakſpeare*; but the whole groupe diſſented, by obſerving, that his portraits were obſolete, and more of *caracatures* than characters. Piqued at this extraordinary judgement, the venerable nobleman went immediately to his library, and, returning with a large folio edition of his favourite poet, informed the company, that a whim had juſt ſtruck him, which would probably decide the diſpute; deſiring, at the ſame time, that each of the party would write the names of their moſt intimate friends, as well as their own, upon ſmall ſlips of paper, which, he further requeſted, might be dropped promiſcuouſly into the volume, at the various places he ſhould open; after which, he would carefully ſee whether the *dead painter of nature* would not be able to hit off a *living likeneſs* or two out of the number. His requeſt being complied with, the book was indiſcriminately opened ſeveral times before all preſent, when the annexed names, to the aſtoniſhment of the *faſhionable infidels*, were found lying upon the following paſſages."——The names of many perſons of diſtinction then follow. The author of this publication might have given another appropriate line to Sir Joſhua, from *Timon of Athens:*

"Your Painting is almoſt the natural man."

Lord Lyttelton thus ſpeaks of this great poet:

"No author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo creative an imagination, with ſo perfect a knowledge of the paſſions, the humours, and ſentiments of mankind.

——— Admirable! how this grace ſpeaks his own ſtanding! What a mental power this eye ſhoots forth—how big imagination moves in this lip! To the dumbneſs of the geſture one might interpret——I'll ſay of it

"It tutors nature; artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches livelier than life." *Timon.*

"Happy is it for this Academy to have for its firſt Preſident a Genius who feels, and is ſenſible of, the neceſſity of enlarging the ideas of youth, by placing before them the works of the great maſters; who teaches them to diſregard the tinſel of the laſt age, but eagerly to ſearch after the rich ore of that of Leo X. and who directs them in the proper method of bringing the golden fleece out of Italy into his Majeſty's dominions." *Preface to Imitations of Drawings, by Mr. Rogers.*

"Sir Joſhua Reynolds, whoſe works, the acknowledged patterns of grace and expreſſion, conduce not more to excite emulation, than his lectures ſerve to inſtruct the ſtudents in the ſolid principles of deſign and compoſition." *London Courant*, 1782.

"To expreſs a ſorrow like that of *Tancred's* daughter, few modern artiſts are fully qualified, if we except indeed Sir Joſhua Reynolds, with whoſe pencil, Beauty in all her forms, and the Paſſions in all their varieties, are equally familiar." *Life of Hogarth, by Mr. Nichols*, 1782.

Epigram on ſeeing the pictures of Lady Townſend and her ſiſters (who were conſtantly toaſted in Dublin by the appellation of the Graces), painted by Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

He painted all characters, from Heroes and Kings, down to Inn-keepers and Peaſants, with equal truth, and with equal force. If human nature was quite deſtroyed, and no other monument left of it, except his works, other beings might learn what man was, from thoſe writings."

I thought

" I thought the Graces were but three,
To wit Montgom'ry, Gard'ner, Townſhend;
But Reynolds, thy bright art, I ſee,
To thoſe three Beauties gives a thouſand."

To Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

Glows whilſt he looks, but trembles as he writes. POPE.

" With all an Artiſt's fair ambition warm'd,
To charm the world ſtill more than it was charm'd;
To wear the glowing wreath that Titian wore,
And the chaſte am'ranth Rafael's temple bore;
To bind his brows with Michael's * daring oak,
That bids defiance to the thunder's ſtroke;
To wear three crowns Imperial on his head,
At Rome he pitched his tent, and there his banner ſpread;
To point his ſteps, no maſter, patron, friend,
Alone he darkled to th' immortal end;
In modeſt hope of Glory's coming day,
He, by his bluſhes, track'd the magic way;
For many a year he labour'd to the goal,
To make ſenſe, taſte, and genius, a whole,
To give them colours of celeſtial hue,
Mark'd in the ſun-beams through the ſkiey blue;
And now in blendid fire, and grace and eaſe,
We ſee them live in thy own Hercules!
To thee, the Monarch of the fineſt art,
That charms the eye, and captivates the heart,
Both ſexes kneel, all women and all men,
Nor be forgot the homage to thy pen;
Nor in thy paintings, writings—noble ſtrife!
—The Honour and the Virtue of thy life.

" FRESNOY."

* Angelo.

"We repeat ~~again~~ that, if the additions be eſſential or important, let Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his own perſon, inform the publick that they are ſo. His aſſertion is of great authority with the publick; and he will not, we truſt, pledge his great name to a declaration that will admit of detection." *Advertiſement of the Bookſellers reſpecting Johnſon's Dictionary* *.

"To ſnatch bright beauty from devouring fate,
And bid it boaſt with him a deathleſs date;
To ſhew how Genius fires, how Taſte reſtrains,
While what both are, his pencil beſt explains,
Have we not Reynolds?"——

Senſibility, a Poem, by Miſs More.

"When Britain triumph'd thro' her wide domain
O'er France, ſupported by imperious Spain,
And, ſated with her laurels large increaſe,
Began to cultivate the plants of peace;
Fixt by kind Majeſty's protecting hand,
Painting, no more an alien in our land,
Firſt ſmil'd to ſee, on this propitious ground,
Her temples open'd, and her altars crown'd:
And Grace, the firſt attendant of her train,
She, whom Apelles wooed, nor wooed in vain,
To Reynolds gives her undulating line,
And judgement doats upon his chaſte deſign.
Tho' Envy whiſpers in the ear of Spleen
What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect ſcene,

* In Dr. Johnſon's will is the following bequeſt: "To Sir Joſhua Reynolds, my great French Dictionary, by Martiniere, and my own copy of my folio Engliſh Dictionary, of the laſt reviſion." Sir Joſhua was appointed alſo one of the executors to this will. Dr. Johnſon alſo leaves to Mrs. Frances Reynolds, a ſiſter of Sir Joſhua's, a book to be choſen at her election, "to keep as a token of remembrance."

With

With glee ſhe marks them on her canker'd ſcroll,
Malicious fiend! 'twas thus that Virgil ſtole;
To the bright image gave a brighter gloſs,
Or turn'd to pureſt gold the foreign droſs.
Excelling Artiſt! long delight the eye!
Teach but thy tranſient tints no more to fly;
Britain ſhall then her own Apelles ſee,
And all the Grecian ſhall revive in thee.
Thy manly ſpirit glories to impart
The leading principles of liberal art;
To youthful Genius points what courſe to run,
What lights to follow, and what rocks to ſhun:
So Orpheus taught, by learning's heavenly ſway,
To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,
And mark'd, to guide them in their bold career,
Th' unerring glories of the ſtarry ſphere.
Thy hand enforces what thy precept taught,
And gives new leſſons of exalted thought;
Thy nervous pencil on the canvaſs throws
The tragic ſtory of ſublimeſt woes:
The wretched ſons, whom grief and famine tear,
The parent petrified with blank deſpair, —
Thy Ugolino gives the heart to thrill,
With pity's tender throbs, and horror's icy chill *."

Hayley's Eſſay on Painting.

* Mr. Hayley, in a note to this poem, obſerves, " As to the picture, no artiſt could expreſs more happily the wild and ſublime ſpirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may juſtly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addreſſed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expreſſion:

" ———— Fabro gentil, ben ſai,
Ch' ancor tragico caſo è caro Oggetto,
E che ſpeſſo l'horror va col Diletto." MARINO.

A poet

A poet, who treads in the ſteps of Peter Pindar, has paid the following compliment to Sir Joſhua, in a poem called *More Lyric Odes to the Academicians*, publiſhed in 1786. After mentioning the ſtory of Orpheus being torn in pieces, and of his head ſailing down the ſtream to Leſbos:

" Now I've been thinking, if our Reynolds' head
Should, on his palette, down the Thames drive ſouſe,
And, mindful of the walls he once array'd,
Bring-to, a bit, at Somerſet-new houſe;
What ſcramblings there would be, what worlds of pains
Among the artiſts to poſſeſs its brains.
And like Neanthus, for great Orpheus' lyre,
Some for his palette would be raiſing frays,
In hopes, no doubt, the wood would each inſpire
To paint like him for—fame in better days;
As if a ſoldier, who'd no legs to uſe,
Should fight for his dead comrade's boots and ſhoes.

" Reynolds! when I reflect what ſons of fame
Have ſhar'd thy friendſhip, I with ſighs regret
That all have died a little in thy debt,
And left a trump unknown to ſwell thy name;
But courage, friend, when Time's retentleſs tooth
Hath nibbled mountains to the ground ſmack-ſmooth,
And pick'd, as one would pick a ſavoury bone,
Each monument of iron, and braſs, and ſtone;
When he, with * * * * and Co. his guts hath ſcowr'd,
And ——— and ——— without end devour'd,
Thy name ſhall live, and like heaven's ſacred fire
Succeeding Artiſts kindle, and inſpire *."

* We may carry on the alluſion ſtill further, by adding, that the bones of Orpheus were gathered by the Muſes, and repoſed in a ſepulchre, not without tears; and that his harp was made the conſtellation of Lyra.

Mr.

Mr. *Courtenay*, in his "Moral and Literary Character of Dr. Johnſon," takes notice of the influence which Johnſon's dignified and elevated language has had on many of our beſt writers; and thus mentions one of them:

"To Fame's proud cliff he bade our Raphael riſe;
Hence Reynolds' pen with Reynolds' pencil vies."

"To Sir Joſhua Reynolds, on his Portrait of Miſs Kemble.

"While hands obſcene, at vicious grandeur's call,
With mimic harlots cloath th' indignant wall,
Deſtructive ſnares for youthful paſſion ſpread,
The ſlacken'd boſom, and the faithleſs bed,
Thy pencil, Reynolds, innocently gay,
To virtue leads by pleaſure's flowery way;
In bluſhing honour decks the tim'rous bride,
Or maid whoſe thoughts confederate angels guide;
For thy rare ſkill, to ſurface unconfin'd,
Through every genuine feature pours the mind.
Should the wild rage of other Prynnes compare,
With Corinth's peſt the Britiſh drama's fair,
(Though art may Palmer's * vaniſh'd form deplore,
And Satchell's eyes unpictur'd beam no more)
If firm duration crowns thy juſt deſign,
Nor all its ſoft ſimilitudes decline,
In Kemble's look chaſtis'd will yet be ſeen
What one bright daughter of the ſtage has been——
Reſerv'd, though mingling with the loud, the vain,
And unſeduc'd where ſiren pleaſures reign,
Where dames undone at ſocial ruin ſmile,
While echo'd ſcandal ſhakes a guilty pile.
"Pleas'd we behold, by thy congenial hand,
In native charms embodied virtue ſtand;

* The late Mrs. Pritchard's daughter, of whom there is no portrait.

For

For vice can ne'er its odious traces hide,
The glance of lewdneſs, or the ſwell of pride.
Mark'd to be ſhunn'd, and ſtigmatis'd by fate,
Sure, in each vary'd guiſe, of ſcorn or hate,
O'er all the face its dire effuſions ſhoot,
As branches ſtill are modell'd by the root.
But, for our love when grace and merit vie,
Attract the decent, check the lawleſs eye,
Th' inſtructive canvas moral worth excites,
And Reynolds paints the leſſons Johnſon writes.
" Should time, whoſe force our hopes in vain withſtand,
Blaſt the nymph's face, and ſhake the painter's hand,
Yet may theſe tints divide the fame they give,
And art and beauty bid each other live!"

Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1784.

" Cloſe by them hung Sir Joſhua's matchleſs pieces—
Works! that a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works! that a Reubens had been proud to own."

Peter Pindar's Lyric Odes for 1782.

" Lo! Reynolds ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray!
Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his diſtant way—
Yet, ſimple Portrait ſtrikes too oft our eyes,
Whilſt Hiſtory, anxious for his pencil, ſighs."

Peter Pindar's Farewell Ode.

" Be pleas'd, like Reynolds, to direct the blind,
Who aids the feeble fault'ring feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
With Genius ſtor'd, and Nature's ſimple truth."

Peter Pindar's Farewell Ode.

" Look at your favourite Reynolds," is their ſtrain,
" Allow'd by all the *firſt* in Europe's eye;
" One atom of repute can Reynolds gain,
" When Titian, Rubens, and Vandycke are nigh?
" Can Reynolds live near Raphael's matchleſs line?"
Yes, blinkards! and with *equal* luſtre ſhine!

Peter Pindar's Farewel Odes *.

" Reynolds, 'twas thine with magic ſkill to trace
The perfect ſemblance of exterior grace;
Thy hand, by Nature guided, mark'd the line,
That ſtamps perfection on the form divine.
'Twas thine to tint the lip with roſy dye,
To paint the ſoftneſs of the melting eye;
With auburn curls, luxuriantly diſplay'd,
The ivory ſhoulders' poliſh'd fall to ſhade;
To deck the well-turn'd arm with matchleſs grace;
To mark the dimpled ſmile on Beauty's face:
The taſk was thine, with cunning hand to throw
The veil tranſparent on the breaſt of ſnow:
The Stateſman's thought, the Infant's cherub mien,
The Poet's fire, the Matron's eye ſerene,
Alike with animated luſtre ſhine,
Beneath thy poliſh'd pencil's touch divine;
As Britain's Genius glory'd in thy Art,
Ador'd thy Virtues, and rever'd thy Heart;
Nations unborn ſhall celebrate thy name,
And ſtamp thy mem'ry on the page of Fame!"

Mrs. Robinſon's Poems.

* Sir Joſhua's name occurs in other parts of Peter Pindar's Poems, namely, in the 1ſt and 9th odes of Lyric Odes for 1782.—In the 2d, 3d, 5th, and 9th Odes of Lyric Odes for 1785.—In the 2d Ode of Farewell Odes.—And in the poem of More Money, or Odes of Inſtruction to Mr. Pitt.

"This room is ornamented (at Lord Errol's) with a number of fine prints, and with a whole-length picture of Lord Errol, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds. This led Dr. Johnſon and me to talk of our amiable and elegant friend, whoſe panegyrick he concluded by ſaying—'Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Sir, is the moſt invulnerable man I know; the man with whom, if you ſhould quarrel, you would find the moſt difficulty how to abuſe'—." *Mr. Boſwell's Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnſon.*

Mr. Boſwell dedicates his Life of Dr. Johnſon to Sir Joſhua; and the following is part of the Dedication:

"Every liberal motive that can actuate an author in the dedication of his labours, concurs in directing me to you, as the perſon to whom the following work ſhould be inſcribed. If there be a pleaſure in celebrating the diſtinguiſhed merit of a contemporary, mixed with a certain degree of vanity not altogether inexcuſable, in appearing fully ſenſible of it, where can I find one in complimenting whom I can with more general approbation gratify thoſe feelings? Your excellence, not only in the art over which you have long preſided with unrivaled fame, but alſo in philoſophy and elegant literature, is well known to the preſent, and will continue to be the admiration of future ages. Your equal and placid temper, your variety of converſation, your true politeneſs, by which you are ſo amiable in private ſociety, and that enlarged hoſpitality which has long made your houſe a common centre of union for the great, the accompliſhed, the learned, and the ingenious; all theſe qualities I can, in perfect confidence of not being accuſed of flattery, aſcribe to you. If a man may indulge an honeſt pride, in having it known to the world, that he has been thought worthy of particular attention by a perſon of the firſt eminence in the age in which he lives, whoſe company has been univerſally courted, I am juſtified in availing myſelf of the uſual

privilege of a dedication, when I mention that there has been a long and uninterrupted friendſhip between us. If gratitude ſhould be acknowledged for favours received, I have this opportunity, my dear Sir, moſt ſincerely to thank you for the many happy hours which I owe to your kindneſs—for the cordiality with which you have at all times been pleaſed to welcome me—for the number of valuable acquaintances to whom you have introduced me—for the *noctes cœnæque Deûm* which I have enjoyed under your roof. If a work ſhould be inſcribed to one who is maſter of the ſubject of it, and whoſe approbation, therefore, muſt enſure it credit and ſucceſs, the Life of Dr. Johnſon is, with the greateſt propriety, dedicated to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, who was the intimate and beloved friend of that great man; the friend whom he declared to be *the moſt invulnerable man he knew; with whom, if he ſhould quarrel, he ſhould find the moſt difficulty how to abuſe.* You, my dear Sir, ſtudied him, and knew him well: you venerated and admired him."

In the above valuable work (which exhibits "a view of Literature and Literary men in Great Britain, for near half a century,") many particulars are recorded of Sir Joſhua Reynolds—I will tranſcribe a few of them:

"His philoſophical penetration," ſays Mr. Boſwell, ſpeaking of Sir Joſhua," and juſtneſs of thinking, are not leſs known to thoſe who live with him, than his genius in his art is admired by the world." *Vol. I. p.* 453.

"I know no man (ſays Dr. Johnſon) who has paſſed through life with more obſervation than Reynolds." *Vol II. p.* 331.

"He admired much the manner in which Sir Joſhua Reynolds treated of his art, in his *Diſcourſes to the Royal Academy.* He obſerved of a paſſage one day, *I think I might as well have ſaid this myſelf.* And once, when Mr. Langton was ſitting by him, he

read one of them very eagerly, and expreſſed himſelf thus: *Very well, Maſter Reynolds; very well indeed. But it will not be underſtood.*" *Vol. II. p.* 517 *.

Mr. Sheridan, in his Monody to the Memory of Mr. Garrick, ſpeaking of the evaneſcent art of an Actor, in compariſon to the art of the Painter or the Poet, thus introduces Sir Joſhua's name:

> " Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raiſe,
> Raphael ſtill boaſts cotemporary praiſe:
> Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom, ſubdu'd,
> With undiminiſh'd awe his works are view'd:
> E'en Beauty's portrait wears a ſofter prime,
> Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time."

In the year 1790, Sir Joſhua Reynolds (probably at the requeſt of the Earl of Aylesford) poſſeſſed a very anxious deſire to procure the vacant profeſſorſhip of Perſpective in the Academy for Mr. *Bonomi*, an Italian architect; and as Mr. Bonomi had not yet been elected an Aſſociate, and of courſe was not an Academician, it became a neceſſary ſtep to raiſe him to thoſe ſituations, in order to qualify him for being a Profeſſor. The election proceeded, and Mr. *Gilpin* was a competitor for the aſſociateſhip with the Italian architect. The numbers on the ballot proved equal; and the Preſident gave the caſting vote for his friend Mr. Bonomi, who was thereby advanced ſo far towards the profeſſorſhip. On the vacancy of an Academic ſeat by the death of Mr. Meyers, Sir Joſhua Reynolds exerted all his influence to obtain it for Mr. Bonomi; but a ſpirit of reſiſtance appeared (owing, I believe, to ſome miſconception, or to ſome informality on the part of Sir

Sawrey Gilpin

* Sir Joſhua's name occurs in numberleſs other pages of Mr. Boſwell's work, particularly in Vol. I. pp. 75, 88, 131, 132, 263, 349, 485; and Vol. II. pp. 46, 100, 168, 204, 209, 235, 239, 250, 279, 386, 443, 458, 475, 526.

Joſhua

Joſhua in producing ſome drawings of Bonomi's), and Mr. Fuſeli (certainly a reſpectable artiſt) was elected an Academician by a majority of two to one. The Preſident then quitted the chair with great diſſatisfaction; and, on the following day (the 12th of February), Sir Joſhua Reynolds, who for 21 years had filled the chair of the Royal Academy with honour to himſelf and his country, ſent his letter of Reſignation to Mr. Richards, the Secretary of the Academy.

A council was ſoon after held, and the ſubject of their deliberations was, the reſignation of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

A letter from Sir Joſhua to Mr. Richards was read, declaring his reſolution to reſign the Preſidency of the Academy. A letter from Sir William Chambers to Sir Joſhua was alſo read: this was addreſſed to Sir Joſhua, in conſequence of Sir William's interview with the King, in an early ſtage of this buſineſs: and, among other flattering marks of the Sovereign's favour, the letter expreſſed, "That his Majeſty would be happy in Sir Joſhua's continuing in the Preſident's chair!"

Sir Joſhua's letter to Sir William Chambers, in reply, ſtated in effect, "That he inferred his conduct muſt have been hitherto ſatisfactory to his Majeſty, from the very gratifying way in which his Royal pleaſure had been declared; and, if any inducement could make him depart from his original reſolution, the will of his Sovereign would prevail; but that, flattered by his Majeſty's approval to the laſt, there could be nothing that was not perfectly honourable in his reſignation; and that, in addition to this determination, as he could not conſiſtently hold the ſubordinate diſtinction of Royal Academician, after he had ſo long poſſeſſed the chair, he begged alſo to relinquiſh that honour."

All idea of ſoothing Sir Joſhua, by any proceeding of the Academy, from the Sovereign's wiſhes having been of no avail, was rejected as ſuperfluous and inconſiſtent.

Immediately on Sir Joſhua's reſignation, the following lines were addreſſed to him by Mr. Jerningham:

" Ye to whoſe ſoul kind Nature's hand imparts
The glowing paſſion for the liberal arts;
Ye great diſpenſers of the magic ſtrain,
Whoſe harmony delights almoſt to pain;
Ye to whoſe touch (with Damer's ſkill) is known
To charm to life, and wake the ſleeping ſtone;
Ye rare Promethei, to whoſe hand is giv'n,
To ſnatch the flame that warms the breaſt of Heav'n;
Ye too, ye Bards, illuſtrious heirs of Fame,
Who from the ſun your mental lineage claim;
Approach and ſee a dear and kindred Art
Unhallow'd maxims to her ſons impart;
See her (become wild Faction's ready tool)
Inſult the Father of the modern ſchool.
Yet he firſt enter'd on the barren land,
And rais'd on high Armida's pow'rful wand:
From him the Academics boaſt a name,
He led the way, he ſmooth'd their path to fame:
From him th' inſtructive lore the pupils claim'd,
His doctrine nurtur'd, and his voice inflam'd!
Oh, and is all forgot?—The ſons rebel,
And, Regan-like, their hallow'd fire expel.
Cou'd not his faculties, ſo meekly borne,
Arreſt the hand that fix'd the rankling thorn?
Cou'd not the twilight of approaching age,
The ſilver hairs that crown'd th' indulgent ſage,
Domeſtic virtues, his time-honour'd name,
His radiant works that crowd the dome of fame;
Say, cou'd not theſe ſuppreſs the opprobrious ſcene,
And charm to ſlumber academic ſpleen?

Mark,

Mark, mark the period, when the children ſtung
The parent's feelings with their ſerpent tongue;
It was while dimneſs veil'd the pow'rs of ſight,
And ting'd all nature with the gloom of night*!
" (Not many days remov'd) the Maſter came
With wonted zeal to touch the ſwelling theme!
The pregnant canvaſs his creation caught,
And drank his rich exuberance of thought;
Deck'd with the beams of Inſpiration's ſky,
Glanc'd o'er the work his finely-frenſy'd eye.
—Malignant Fate approach'd—the ſcenes decay,
To him the new creation fades away;
Thick night abruptly ſhades the mimic ſky,
And clouds eternal quench the frenſy'd eye!
Invention ſhudder'd—Taſte ſtood weeping near—
From Fancy's eyelid guſh'd the glitt'ring tear—
Genius exclaim'd—' My matchleſs loſs deplore,
' The hand of Reynolds falls, to riſe no more!'—"

Every gentleman preſent regretted the unforeſeen conſequence of this event †. However, the Academy ſhewed ſo liberal a deſire to retain Sir Joſhua ſtill in the chair, that, after agitating the unpleaſant differences between the Preſident and the Academy with as much delicacy as poſſible, it was determined that a delegation of the following gentlemen, Meſſ. Weſt, Farringdon, Coſway, Catton, Sandby, Bacon, Copley, Barry, and Rigaud, ſhould wait

* The calamity, here alluded to, came ſuddenly upon Sir Joſhua while he was painting.

† The following compliment to the abdicated Preſident appeared in one of the public papers:

Sir Joſhua's vacant chair, we ſuppoſe, will be cut into pieces by the ſtudents, to have ſome relic of their ingenious Preſident; as the ſtudents in painting at Antwerp did by that of Rubens, after his deceaſe.

upon

upon Sir Joſhua, and lay before him the reſolution which the Academy had come to, in order to produce a conciliatory effect. The reſolution was in ſubſtance, as follows:

"That it appeared, when the drawings of Mr. Bonomi were introduced at the election, Sir Joſhua, by whoſe directions they were brought in, had certainly acted in conformity to the intentions of the council, as appeared by an order entered on their books; but that, ſuch order not going through the regular forms neceſſary to conſtitute a law, the full body of the Academicians remained ignorant of the proceeding, and therefore fell into an error in ordering the drawings to be removed. But, as they unanimouſly profeſſed that no perſonal diſreſpect was intended towards Sir Joſhua, they truſted he would be prevailed upon to comply with the wiſhes of the King, and continue in the Preſidency of the Academy."

The above delegates accordingly waited upon Sir Joſhua, to entreat him to withdraw his letter of reſignation, and reſume his ſituation as Preſident of an Inſtitution of which his talents had been ſo long an eſſential ſupport. They had an interview with him at his houſe in *Leiceſter-fields*; they were received with great politeneſs; and every mark of reſpect was expreſſed by thoſe who had hitherto been deemed leaſt cordial to the intereſts of the Preſident. Upon a full explanation of the intentions and views of the Academy being made, and their wiſhes that Sir Joſhua would continue to adorn the Preſidency, he, after a handſome declaration of his gratitude for this honourable proceeding towards him, conſented to aſſume again the chair. The whole of the delegates were invited to dine with Sir Joſhua, in order to convince them that he returned with ſentiments of the moſt cordial amity.

On the ſuggeſtion of Lord Lanſdowne, it was ſaid, that Sir Joſhua could not reſume the chair till he had the proper authority

of

of the king. For this, in due form, Lord Lanſdowne applied; and, when granted, this great Artiſt attended at Somerſet-houſe to be reſtored to all his honours in a full aſſembly of the members. The name of Mr. Lock muſt be mentioned with particular praiſe, as inſtrumental to this reconciliation.

About a year and half after the above event, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, finding that calamity increaſe upon him which is ſo feelingly adverted to in the above lines of Mr. Jerningham, and daily expecting the total loſs of ſight, wrote a letter to the Academy, intimating his intention to reſign the office of Preſident on account of bodily infirmities, which diſabled him from executing the duties of it to his own ſatisfaction. A meeting of the Royal Academicians was held about the 15th of November, 1791, for the purpoſe of electing Aſſociates, when Mr. Weſt, who preſided for Sir Joſhua, read the letter from him, intimating his intention. The company received this intelligence with the reſpectful concern due to the talents and virtues of Sir Joſhua, and either then did enter, or deſigned to enter, into a reſolution, honourable to all parties, namely, that a deputation from the whole body of the Academy ſhould wait upon him, and inform him of their wiſh, that the authority and privileges of the office of Preſident might be his during his life; declaring their willingneſs to permit the performance of any of its duties, which might be irkſome to him, by a deputy.

From this period Sir Joſhua never painted more—his *laſt* portrait was that of the Honourable Charles James Fox (now in the hand of the engraver); and this laſt effort of this great Artiſt's pencil is a full proof that his fancy, his imagination, and his other great powers in the art he profeſſed, remained unabated to the laſt: when the laſt touches were given to this picture,

The hand of Reynolds fell to riſe no more.

For ſome time before his death, his illneſs produced a melancholy, which was the more diſtreſſing to his friends, as it was indulged in ſilence. For ſome weeks before he paid the great debt, his ſpirits were ſo low, that he was unable to bear even the conſolations of friendſhip. The numerous attendances of many of our Nobility and Men of Science, during his illneſs, are the beſt teſtimony of the value ſet upon him, and of the regret with which they contemplated his illneſs, and propheſied his diſſolution. "His illneſs," ſays Mr. Burke, "was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the leaſt mixture of any thing irritable or querulous, agreeable to the placid and even tenour of his whole life. He had, from the beginning of his malady, a diſtinct view of his diſſolution, which he contemplated with that entire compoſure, that nothing but the innocence, integrity, and uſefulneſs of his life, and an unaffected ſubmiſſion to the will of Providence, could beſtow." On Thurſday night, the 23d of February, 1792, this great artiſt and accompliſhed character paid the laſt awful debt to nature, in the 69th year of his age.

On the day after, his body was opened by Mr. Hunter the ſurgeon; and it was diſcovered that the diſeaſe of which he died was a preternatural *enlargement* of the *liver*, which had grown to a ſize almoſt before unheard of; his liver, which, according to medical report, ought to have weighed about five pounds, had increaſed to the enormous weight of nearly eleven pounds. So little ground was there for the idle and unfounded rumours which had been ſpread during his laſt illneſs, that he was fanciful, and that his ailments were merely imaginary. "Every one knows beſt what ails himſelf;" and death at laſt proves the truth of the obſervation. Thus fared it with Sir Joſhua Reynolds! his friends had long thought him low-ſpirited without a cauſe—it now appears (unhappily for genius!) he had too much cauſe.

Upon Sir Joſhua's deceaſe, application was made to the council of the Academy, in a letter from Mr. Burke, that the apartments allotted to the exhibition of artiſts might be fitted up with all due ſolemnity, to receive the remains of their late Preſident, and there to lie in funeral ſtate until Saturday, the day of interment. A meeting of the Royal Academicians was accordingly had; when it was propoſed, that, previous to the interment, the remains ſhould be brought to Somerſet-houſe, and, as the laſt tribute they could pay to his memory, lie in funeral ſtate in that place which the magic labours of his pencil had ſo often decorated. This was inſtantly, and almoſt unanimouſly, agreed to by all preſent, except (to the utter aſtoniſhment of every one) by Sir William Chambers, who obſerved, that they could not, *with propriety*, appropriate the rooms to *ſuch a purpoſe*, as they had, at their firſt inſtitution, determined that the rooms ſhould be uſed for no purpoſe but the exhibition of the pictures, or ſtudies of the artiſts. One of the members obſerved, that, if this *was* the original determination, Sir William Chambers himſelf had notoriouſly deviated from the plan; for, at the time his Majeſty went to St. Paul's, ſeats, &c. had been put up in theſe very rooms, purpoſely for Sir William's friends to ſee the proceſſion, *and to the utter excluſion of the Academicians themſelves*. A concluſion was, however, ſoon put to *ſuch* a debate, by a meſſage from the King, commanding that every poſſible honour ſhould be paid to the memory of the deceaſed Preſident.

" Safe reſt thy gentle bones within their urn,
" Nor heavy preſs the earth upon thy breaſt!"

Had Sir William Chambers ſo ill repaired the beams that gave way under the floors of one of theſe rooms, at the very moment Sir Joſhua Reynolds was diſplaying the powers of Michael Angelo,

in his *laſt* Diſcourſe, in the preſence of 200 perſons, among whom was Mr. Burke and other diſtinguiſhed gentlemen, that he was apprehenſive the ſame accident might again happen from the crowds that would come there to ſhew their reſpect to the remains of the great Artiſt? Or, perhaps, Sir William Chambers imagined, that the weight of carriages which, at the funeral, might be well expected to occupy the whole ſpace of the court-yard at Somerſet-houſe, might cauſe a ſecond tumbling down of one of the wings of the buildings.—The friends of Sir William might well ſtand aghaſt, at a conduct becoming only a native of Onondaga.

Notwithſtanding this *generous* oppoſition, the preparations for Sir Joſhua's funeral partook of the diſtinction due to his character; for, on Friday night, the 2d of March, the corpſe was removed from his houſe in Leiceſter-fields to the Royal Academy, where the exhibition-room on the ground-floor was prepared with funeral hangings to receive it. It there lay in ſtate till twelve o'clock on the following day, which was the day of the funeral.

On Saturday morning the ſtreets between Somerſet-houſe and St. Paul's viſibly ſhewed preparations for the funeral. So early as nine o'clock the peace officers were placed at the corner of each ſtreet leading into the Strand, Fleet-ſtreet, or Ludgate-hill, in order to prevent all carriages, during the courſe of the morning, from driving along either of thoſe ſtreets. All carriages, during this morning, from the Weſt end of the town, which were going into the city, paſſed along Holborn and Newgate-ſtreet. From ten o'clock all the ſhops between Somerſet-houſe and St. Paul's were ſhut up; and the whole ſpace between Temple-bar and Somerſet-houſe was crowded with innumerable perſons waiting to ſee the funeral obſequies; and from that hour till twelve the ſtreets were filled with the mourning coaches coming to Somerſet-houſe, and with the carriages of the nobility and gentry conveying to that

that place thoſe who were invited to attend the funeral. The buildings of Somerſet-houſe never appeared more grand and awful than on this day.

The company who attended the funeral aſſembled in the library and council-chamber. The Academicians, Aſſociates, and Students, in the great exhibition room.

At a quarter paſt twelve the coffin was put into the hearſe, and conveyed, with great funeral pomp, from Somerſet-houſe to the Cathedral of St. Paul. The concourſe of people aſſembled on this occaſion was immenſe. The windows of every houſe were filled. The number of coaches, and of perſons conducting the funeral, was ſo great, that the proceſſion filled up the whole way from Somerſet-houſe to St. Paul's. When the two City Marſhals (the foremoſt in the proceſſion) reached the Weſt gate of St. Paul's, the laſt coach had but juſt left Somerſet-houſe. The proceſſion was one hour and three-quarters in moving from Somerſet-houſe to St. Paul's.

The company conſiſted of a great number of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons in the kingdom, who were emulous of paying the laſt honours to the remains of him whoſe life had been diſtinguiſhed by the exertion of the higheſt talents, and by the exerciſe of every virtue that can make a man reſpected and beloved. Many others were prevented from attending by illneſs, or by their attendance on election committees in the Houſe of Commons—among this laſt number was Mr. Fox.

What Mr. Sheridan has obſerved of Garrick's funeral,

> " The ſplendid Sorrows that adorn'd his Hearſe—
> The Throng that mourn'd *as their dead Favourite paſs'd*—
> The grac'd reſpect that claim'd him to the laſt—"

Theſe were all fully exemplified at the interment of Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

The

The proceſſion moved in the following order:

Twelve Peace Officers to clear the way.
Two City Marſhals on Horſeback.
Lord Mayor's Carriage,
followed by
The Two Sheriffs of London
in their Carriages.
The Undertaker and Ten Conductors on Horſeback.
A Lid with Plumes of Feathers.

THE BODY,

In a Hearſe drawn by Six Horſes.
Ten Pall-bearers. Viz.
Duke of Dorſet, Lord High Steward of his Majeſty's Houſhold.
Duke of Leeds.
Duke of Portland.
Marquis Townſhend.
Marquis Abercorn.
Earl of Carliſle.
Earl of Inchiquin.
Earl of Upper Oſſory.
Lord Viſcount Palmerſton.
Lord Elliot.
Robert Lovell Gwatkin, Eſq. Chief Mourner.
Mr. Marchi, who came from Italy with Sir Joſhua.
The Right Honourable Edmund Burke,
Edmond Malone, Eſq. } Executors.
Philip Metcalfe, Eſq.

The

The Council of the Royal Academy.
The Keeper, The Treaſurer,
The Secretary, The Librarian,
Profeſſors.
Mr. T. Sandby, Mr. Barry,
Mr. Langton, Mr. Boſwell,
Academicians,
Two and Two.
Aſſociates,
Two and Two.
Artiſts, not Members of the Royal Academy.
Students.

} A Mute walking on each ſide of theſe Carriages.

Lord Archbiſhop of York, Marquis of Buckingham.
Earl of Fife, Earl of Carysfort.
Lord St. Aſaph, Lord Biſhop of London.
Lord Forteſcue, Lord Somers.
Lord Lucan, the Dean of Norwich.
Right Hon. Wm. Windham, Sir Abraham Hume, Bart.
Sir George Beaumont, Bart. Sir Thomas Dundas, Bart.
Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. Sir William Forbes, Bart.
Dr. George Fordyce, Dr. Aſh, Dr. Brockleſby, Dr. Blagden.
Sir William Scott, M. P. George Roſe, Eſq. M. P.
John Rolle, Eſq. M. P. Wm. Widdell, Eſq. M. P.
Reginald Pole Carew, Eſq. M. P.
Matthew Montague, Eſq. M. P. Richard Payne Knight, Eſq. M.P.
Dudley North, Eſq. M. P. Charles Townley, Eſq.
Abel Moyſey, Eſq. John Cleveland, Eſq. M. P.
John Thomas Batt, Eſq. Welbore Ellis Agar, Eſq.
Richard Clarke, Eſq. Col. Gwyn, Capt. Pole, —— Drew, Eſq.
Edward Jerningham, Eſq. Dr. Laurence, William Stewart, Eſq.
Bennet Langton, Eſq. James Boſwell, Eſq.

Richard

Richard Burke, Eſq. Thomas Coutts, Eſq. Wm. Vachel, Eſq.
John Julius Angerſtein, Eſq. Edward Gwatkin, Eſq.
Charles Burney, Eſq. John Hunter, Eſq.
Wm. Cruikſhank, Eſq. —— Home, Eſq. —— Martin, Eſq.
John Philip Kemble, Eſq. Joſeph Hickey, Eſq.
Mr. Alderman Boydell, John Devaynes, Eſq.
Mr. Poggi, Mr. Breda.

The company were conveyed in forty-two mourning coaches; and forty-nine coaches belonging to the noblemen and gentlemen attended empty. As Brutus was called the laſt of the Romans, ſo did many, who viewed the moving of this proceſſion, think they were conveying to his long home the *laſt* of Great Painters. Many attended this funeral with minds occupied with more ideas than the mere object of curioſity.

The hearſe arrived at the great Weſtern gate of St. Paul's at two o'clock, and was there met by the Reſidentiaries, Minor Canons, and Choriſters, who fell into the front. The pall, on which were eſcutcheons, bearing the arms of Sir Joſhua, was borne by the Dukes of Dorſet, Leeds, and Portland, the Marquis of Abercorn, and the Marquis of Townſhend, Earl Carliſle, Viſcount Palmerſton, and Lord Elliot. Thus arranged, the proceſſion moved, the Choriſters ſinging a ſolemn dirge until the body was placed upon a bier in the centre of the choir. The Chief Mourner and Gentlemen of the Academy were placed by the body—the Chief Mourner in a chair at the head—Mr. Marchi at the feet—the Pall-bearers and Executors in the ſeats on the *decanal* ſide—the other noblemen and gentlemen on the *canonal* ſide. The full-choir evening ſervice, with the anthem of Dr. Boyce, was then chanted in a grand and affecting ſtyle, amidſt the awful attention of an immenſe crowd, many of whom caſt forth the heart-felt ſigh and glittering tear; and, after the ſervice was ended, the body was ſlowly borne (the

Mr Gwatkin
the Engraver

organ breathing ſolemn and affecting tones) from the centre of the choir into the crypt, and placed immediately beneath the perforated braſs plate under the centre of the dome. In a few minutes after, Dr. Jefferies, Canon Reſidentiary, with the other Canons, and the Pall-Bearers, Executors, Academicians, and the whole Choir, walking two by two, formed a circle under the dome; the grave-digger attending in the middle with a ſhovel of mould, which, at the proper time, was thrown through the apertures of the plate on the coffin:

"Sorrowing, I ſee the holy Rites begin;
Reſign'd, the ſad ſepulchral office hear;
A thouſand ſoft ideas ſtir within,
And aſk once more the tributary tear."

The laſt ſacred ceremony of the church, the Funeral Service, was then performed; and, when that was ended, Mr. Burke, and the other Executors, with the Chief Mourner, went into the crypt, and attended the corpſe to the grave, which was dug under the pavement *. The body was interred in this vaſt crypt or vault next to that of Dr. Newton, late Biſhop of Briſtol, himſelf an eminent judge in Poetry and Painting, and cloſe by the tomb of the celebrated Sir Chriſtopher Wren, the architect of that great edifice †.

* Young's words are expreſſive—
"The Knell, the Shroud, the Mattock, and the Grave;
The deep damp Vault, the Darkneſs and the Worm."—

† Mr. Walpole thus mentions Sir Chriſtopher Wren: "He died in 1723, at the age of 91, having lived to ſee the completion of St. Paul's; a fabric, and an event, which, one cannot wonder, left ſuch an impreſſion of content on the mind of the good old man, that, being carried to ſee it once a year, it ſeemed to recall a memory that was almoſt deadened to every other uſe. He was buried under his own fabric, with four words, that comprehend his merit and his fame: *ſi quæras monumentum—circumſpice!*"

Nothing was wanting to render the obſequies of this day peculiarly affecting, but the notes of the Dead March in Saul.

" But yet remember me when fruitful earth
Gives odoriferous ſhrubs and myrtles birth;
Each ſpring, when flowers adorn the youthful year,
Drop o'er my tomb a roſe-bud and a tear."

The proceſſion then returned in nearly the ſame form to the Royal Academy; and the laſt carriage reached that place at half paſt four. The gates of Temple-bar were then thrown open, which, after the proceſſion had firſt paſſed through, were ſhut, by order of the Lord Mayor, to prevent any interruption from other carriages on their return from the interment. Mr. Burke came into the room where the Academicians were aſſembled, to expreſs, in the name of the family and executors, their thanks to the Academy for their reſpectful homage to the deceaſed; but was prevented, from his feelings, from ſaying more than a very few words.

Never was a public ſolemnity conducted with more decorum, dignity, and reſpect. Notwithſtanding the immenſe concourſe of people, yet the body was eſcorted to St. Paul's amidſt their ſilent and unoffending gaze; for, they ſeemed to behold the whole with reverence and reſpect.

Thus were depoſited the remains of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, doubly hallowed by a nation's reſpect, and by the tears of private friendſhip—and thus ends all that is earthly and periſhable of him, whoſe fame as an Artiſt, as a patroniſer of the Arts, and, above all, as a good man, will long ſurvive him*.

Sir

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds ſleeps not far from Sir Anthony Vandyck. This graceful painter, this favourite of Charles I. was buried at the early age of 42, near to the magnificent tomb of John of Gaunt, the *time-honoured Lancaſter* of Shakſpear, in the

Sir Joſhua Reynolds had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him by his preſent Majeſty, on his being appointed Preſident of

the old church of St. Paul; the total extinction of which venerable edifice, and of its monuments, took place by the great fire in 1666. One cannot tread on the ſpot which covers his aſhes without ſome retroſpection to him:

" For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing, anxious being e'er reſign'd;
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing, lingering look behind?"

What would have been Vandyck's feelings had he lived to have ſeen the murder of his Royal Maſter!

Deſcamps thus ſpeaks of his death: " Le Roi en eut beaucoup de regret, il promit à ſon médecin 300 guinées s'il pouvoit le quérir. La nature étoit éteinte en lui, les ſoins des plus habiles médecins ne purent retarder ſa mort; il ceſſa de vivre en 1641. Il n'étoit âgé que de 42 ans; il fut enterré avec pompe dans l'Egliſe de St. Paul." Sir Robert Strange thus ſpeaks of Vandyck: " The King preſented him with his own portrait ſet round with diamonds, aſſigned him a conſiderable ſalary, and appointed him apartments in one of the royal palaces. He often employed his pencil, honoured him frequently with his viſits, and ſat by him whilſt he painted. The nobility of Charles's court followed his example, and rivaled each other in their politeneſs to the king's favourite painter. Vandyck, on his part, was ſplendid and elegant, and even lived with magnificence. He joined, to an agreeable figure, affability of manners, modeſty, and politeneſs. He was himſelf a protector of the arts in general, and even generous to an extreme." Pilkington gives him this character: " His amiable diſpoſition and perſonal accompliſhments, united with his extraordinary merit in his profeſſion, gained him the affection of the king; procured him the reſpect, eſteem, and admiration, of the nobility, and every lover of the art; and, by his perpetual employment, he was enabled to live in the utmoſt ſplendor and opulence. His choice of nature, when he painted portraits, was always that which was moſt agreeable; he gave an inexpreſſible grace to his heads; he ſhewed abundant variety in the airs, and in ſome of them the character was even ſublime; and, as to his expreſſion, it was inimitable, the very ſoul of the perſon repreſented being viſible in the portrait." And Cowley, who

of the Academy for Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, at its inſtitution in 1769. He was likewiſe a Fellow of the Royal Socie-

wrote an elegy on his death, thus ſpeaks of him:

"Nor was his Life leſs perfect than his Art;
Nor was his Hand leſs erring than his Heart.
There was no falſe or fading colour there."—

"A noble eulogy," ſays Biſhop Hurd, "of this extraordinary man; and, if report ſays true, a very juſt one."

Deſcamps thus deſcribes the funeral and the tomb of Rubens:

"Il fut enterré avec de grandes marques d'honneur. On porta devant ſon cercueil un carreau de velours noir, ſur lequel étoit une couronne dorée: La principale Nobleſſe, le Clergé, les Artiſtes, & les Amateurs, s'empreſſerent à lui rendre les derniers devoirs. Il fut inhumé dans la chapelle derriere le choeur, en l'Egliſe Paroiſſiale de S. Jacques, à Anvers."

"Voici la chapelle de la famille de Rubens, exactement derriere le choeur; la chapelle eſt revêtue de marbre, de même l'Autel & les Tombeaux de la famille; le tableau d'Autel repréſente l'Enfant Jéſus ſur les genoux de ſa mere, St. Jerôme & St. George près d'elle: ce dernier eſt le portrait de l'Auteur, & ſes deux belles femmes ſont à ſes côtés, peints par Rubens; c'eſt un précieux Tableau, compoſé avec génie, deſſiné avec fineſſe; les graces ſéduiſſent par tout.——————Au deſſus de l'entablement de l'Autel eſt placé une Image de la Vierge, en marbre, que Rubens avoit apporté de Rome; on a cru qu'elle pouvoit être de François Flamand, ou du Quenoy, par l'intimité qui régnoit entre ces deux grands hommes.——— M. le Chanoine Paris, un des deſcendans de la famille de Rubens, a fait réparer & embellir à ſes frais cette chapelle, ſentiment eſtimable qui aide à conſerver un monument à la mémoire d'un homme, à qui la poſtérité accordera toute l'eſtime due à ſa célébrité."

When Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in 1785, went his tour to the Netherlands, we cannot doubt but what he made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Rubens.

Le Brun, the Director of the French Academy of Painting, was buried at the expence of the body over which he preſided. They had a maſs performed, with ſolemn muſic at his funeral, to which they invited all the perſons of conſequence in Paris.

Feli-

Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, Doctor of Laws in the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, principal Painter to his Majesty, a Member of the Painters' Company in London, and a Member of the Imperial Academy at Florence.

Felibien thus mentions the last period of Rafaelle's life:

"Il partagea son bien entre ses éleves, dont Jule Romain étoit celui qu'il aimoit le plus. Enfin, après s'être reconcilié avec Dieu, & avoir donné des marques d'une véritable contrition, il sortit du monde à pareil jour qu'il y étoit entré, qui fut un Vendredi Saint. Il n'étoit âgé que de 37 ans, & sa mort précipitée causa une affliction si générale dans Rome, qu'il n'y eut personne qui n'en ressentît une extrême douleur. Son corps ayant été exposé dans la salle où il travailloit pendant sa vie, l'on mit tout proche ce beau tableau de la transfiguration qu'il avoit achevé nouvellement; & comme l'on vit cet illustre mort auprès de ses figures, qui toutes paroissoient vivantes, il n'y eut personne qui n'eut le cœur rempli de tristesse à la vûe de ce spectacle, où l'on connoissoit encore plus, par l'excellence de ces peintures, quelle perte l'on faisoit dans la mort de ce savant homme. Outre qu'il étoit, comme je vous ai dit, beau & bien fait du corps, il avoit une grace, une bonté, & une douceur, qui gagnoit le cœur de tous ceux qui le voyoient, particulierement des Peintres, qui avoient pour lui un respect, & une amitié, tout extraordinair."

No wonder that Rafaelle's friendship was great for Julio Romano, when Felibien thus mentions him: "Les beaux talens de Jule, son humeur douce & affable, sa conversation plaisante et gracieuse, furent cause que Raphael n'eut pas moins d'amitié pour lui que s'il eut été son propre frere."

THE

THE following Teſtimonies to the memory of Sir Joſhua Reynolds have appeared ſince his death. The firſt, I preſent the reader with, is from the pen of Mr. Burke, the *ſplendidiſſimum urbis ornamentum, et ſui temporis primum**:

"Laſt night, in the ſixty-ninth year of his age, died, at his houſe in Leiceſter-fields, Sir Joſhua Reynolds. His illneſs was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the leaſt mixture of any thing irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenour of his whole life. He had, from the beginning of his malady, a diſtinct view of his diſſolution; and he contemplated it with that entire compoſure, which nothing but the innocence, integrity, and uſefulneſs of his life, and an unaffected ſubmiſſion to the will of Providence, could beſtow. In this ſituation he had every conſolation from family tenderneſs, which his own kindneſs had, indeed, well deſerved.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the moſt memorable men of his time. He was the firſt Engliſhman who added the praiſe of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taſte, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richneſs and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great maſters of the renowned ages. In Portrait he went beyond them; for, he communicated to that deſcription of the art, in which Engliſh artiſts are the moſt engaged, a variety, a

* Sir Joſhua might have ſaid:

"He too, perchance, (for well I know
His heart would melt with friendly woe);
He too, perchance, when theſe poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful ſigh, and ſoothe my hovering ſhade."

Mr. Maſon's Poems.

fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even thoſe, who profeſſed them in a ſuperior manner, did not always preſerve, when they delineated individual nature. His Portraits remind the ſpectator of the invention of hiſtory, and the amenity of landſcape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raiſed upon that platform, but to deſcend to it from a higher ſphere. His paintings illuſtrate his leſſons, and his leſſons ſeem to be derived from his paintings.

He poſſeſſed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be ſuch a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philoſopher.

In full affluence of foreign and domeſtic fame, admired by the expert in art, and by the learned in ſcience, courted by the great, careſſed by Sovereign powers, and celebrated by diſtinguiſhed poets, his native humility, modeſty, and candour, never forſook him even on ſurprize or provocation; nor was the leaſt degree of arrogance or aſſumption viſible to the moſt ſcrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or diſcourſe.

His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his ſocial virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the center of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable ſocieties, which will be diſſipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite ſome jealouſy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loſs of no man of his time can be felt with more ſincere, general, and unmixed ſorrow. HAIL! AND FAREWELL!"

From the General Evening Poſt:

"On Thurſday night laſt died this great and excellent man.—Genius was his, not confined merely to his own peculiar art, for his talents were truly various. He was the firſt of Painters, becauſe he choſe to be ſo; he might have ſtood with Burke in oratory,

oratory, or Malone in criticiſm and elegant literature, if to do either had been his object.

His compoſitions, chiefly diſcourſes on the art he profeſſed, are marked with an Attic elegance of expreſſion, perhaps the reſult of the harmony of his mind. Shakſpeare owes to him ſome very beautiful elucidations; and his country, her ſchool of Painting. As long as taſte ſhall purſue, with delight, the progreſs of the arts, ſo long ſhall the name of Reynolds be revered, when even the beſt ſpecimens of his ſkill are faded and gone, and the graver preſents only faintly the grace with which he was wont to inveſt whatever came before him.

Virtue, after all, will pour the beſt praiſe.—He was a firm and faithful friend; and, in mixed life, a benevolent and honourable man."

From the ſame:

" The General Evening Poſt of Saturday briefly noticed the circumſtance of his lamented death, and paid in a few lines the tribute of admiration to his talents and his virtues. They who loved him for the one, or revered him for the other, may not be diſpleaſed at this reſumption of the ſubject.

" As the profeſſor of an elegant and lovely art, ſomething will be requiſite that may diſcriminate his merits; and, when it is aſcertained what ſtandard he had himſelf aſſumed, as the criterion of excellence, the reference of his own works to that teſt will prove how far he had attained the perfection he conceived.

" If we are to judge, from his Diſcourſes, of the ſentiments he entertained reſpecting the great maſters, Michael Angelo appears to have been the God of his Idolatry. His ſtyle ſeems to ſwell with the fulneſs of his mind, when he treats of the grandeur of that artiſt's conceptions.—Raphael the Preſident points to, as the model of perfect outline, who gives the happieſt contour to his objects.

objects. Titian he perpetually recommends for the harmony of his colours, and their approximation to Nature in the truth and firmneſs of his maſſes.

The firſt of the Preſident's Diſcourſes was in the year 1768. Some of them are already collected in a volume; when the whole ſhall have taken that convenient ſhape, it will form the happieſt illuſtration of the art that any painter has left beyond his canvas.

We have perpetually lamented, that what is technically termed the *vehicle* ſhould have led him to chemic experiments, which, whatever brilliancy they may lend his colours for the preſent day, certainly will add to the fading power of time upon the fineſt tints.

His living admirers contemplate, with aſtoniſhment, the lucid tranſparency of his colouring: poſterity will be confined to the admiration of his unequalled grace in the diſpoſition of his objects. His lateſt works are, we believe, more ſecure and ſtable than his earlier.

When Sir Joſhua taught us how to paint, there were no hiſtoric works which called upon the painter's ſkill—for, a true taſte was wanting:—vanity, however, was not wanting; and the deſire to perpetuate the form of our ſelf-complacency crowded his fitting-room with women, who would be tranſmitted like Angels, and men, who would be habited like Heroes—there they were ſure to be contented: the apotheoſis was the ſimple operation of the painter's mind, glowing with grandeur and with grace.

Unhappily, therefore, hiſtory-painting has not ſufficiently occupied his pencil:—yet he has left us ſuch ſpecimens of what he was competent to, as will long be the boaſt of the Britiſh School—the Ugolino, the Beaufort, &c.

His very portraits are indeed hiſtoric, or rather perhaps epic—there is always buſineſs, mind, character, individuality—yet the combined *whole* invariably firſt ſeizes you.

So much it may be ſufficient, in paſſing, to have dilated upon his art. A few words ſhall be added of his character, in which, truth to ſay, there was no art. He was the centre of many an ingenious ſociety, and happy were thoſe ſocieties; for, their centre was goodneſs.—The conciliating mildneſs of his manners often united the diſcordant, and reconciled the diſcomfited. If we were required to mention the man of our times moſt beloved by the great and the learned, the ingenious and the polite; we ſhould, without heſitation, notwithſtanding academic conteſts, have named Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

He had not completed his 69th year when he was taken from the world which admired him, and the nation to which he was an honour."

From the Public Advertiſer:

"On the death of Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

"With all that Rules or Nature could impart,
He labour'd ſtill, and ſtill improv'd his Art;
Yet his chief piece prepar'd for God alone,
Till God approv'd the work, and took it for his own."

From the ſame:

"Epitaph on Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

"From Marble Monuments, and ſculptur'd Urns,
One mournful truth th' obſervant mind diſcerns;
Howe'er by Genius fir'd, however caſt,
'To one complexion we muſt come at laſt.'
The Sire of Science, and the Artiſt's friend,
As here entomb'd, but marks one common end;

Yet

Yet that his name the mortal wreck may brave
Affords ſome conſolation in the grave;
That when his frame be moulder'd into duſt,
Or Time have dinged o'er this chiſſel'd Buſt *,
The finiſh'd picture, from great Reynolds' hand,
A laſting record ſhall his fame demand;
To after-ages ſhall his Paintings ſhew
How Genius colour'd, and how Nature drew;
'Till mellowing Time the Artiſt's ſelf diſplay
A perfect Portrait at the Judgement day."

From the ſame:

" One may ſay of our departed Sir Joſhua Reynolds what Seneca ſaid of a great Painter of his time:

" Quand ta belle ame, par les vertus guidée,
Fut voir l'eternelle ſource du grand & du beau,
La Peinture, elle-même interdite & eploreé,
Avec ſes propres mains briſa ſa palette & pinceau.

" When thy fair ſoul, by ev'ry virtue led,
To the bright ſource of grace and grandeur flew,
Painting herſelf, her face with tears o'erſpread,
~~Quick~~ Sad on the ground her bruſh and palette threw.
Theſe, theſe, ſaid ſhe, I'll call my own no more;
My fav'rite Son, my Reynolds, is no more!"

From the ſame:

" Impromptu, by a gentleman attending the funeral of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where Sir Anthony Vandyke was alſo interred, in (Old) St. Paul's, anno 1641:

" Alike in genius, and alike in worth,
To their deſerts a kindred fame was giv'n,
Their faded forms together reſt in earth,
And in one flame their ſouls unite in heav'n!"

* Suppoſing a Buſt of Sir Joſhua placed on his tomb.

From the Morning Herald:

" Monody to the Memory of Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

" While the pure flame, that burns upon the lyre,
Plays round the heart, and lights the ſacred fire,
Heav'n with our hopes has mix'd the cup of fear,
And daſh'd the reeking cenſer with a tear.
Flow, limpid tear, Piërian Maidens mourn!
And thou, O Genius! graſp the ſilent urn.
Let Science, pointing with her finger, tell,
That Taſte turn'd pale when claſſic Reynolds fell:
Fate, though remorſeleſs, heav'd a ſolemn ſigh,
And Art ſtood trembling for futurity.
Seiz'd with diſmay, no more the Graces ſmil'd,
And Nature ſhudder'd for an only Child.
Yes, Child of Nature, on thy pencil hung
The force of Genius, with the Muſes' tongue.
What Fancy form'd, thy glowing thoughts could reach,
And give the Canvas every pow'r but ſpeech.
Learning, invidious of the darling ſon,
Op'd all her ſtores, and made you half her own;
To Nature's pencil join'd her claſſic ſtore;
The Muſes wept that Knowledge knew no more:
Thro' life they prais'd thee, and lament thy fall;
And weep as niggards, though they gave thee all.
How oft has Fancy from the cradle ran,
A preſent earneſt of the future man!
How oft has Genius mark'd the early way
To all the bright maturity of day!
The infant ſmile, the countenance ſincere,
The ſoul awaken'd to the tender tear,
The heart with young ambition taught to glow,
Or gently melting at the tale of woe;

The eye that anſwers ere the ſtory's told,
The certain preſage of ſuperior mould:
Time claſps his fondling, and with pleaſure ſees,
To manhood rais'd—an Infant Hercules.
Thy early pencil mark'd thy future fame,
When Science trod where dawning Genius came;
Attentive Reaſon view'd the ſober part,
And Merit bade you to command the heart.
Garrick ſtood fix'd, enchanted to your will,
(The only time that Garrick could ſtand ſtill):
Johnſon with pleaſure view'd thy well-earn'd bays,
And ſtamp'd thy ſanction with the nod of praiſe.
Hail matchleſs Trio, Britain's boaſt and pride!
By worth united, and in wit ally'd.
Each taught the world what tutor'd Genius gave,
And each deſcended—honor'd to the grave.
Thro' moral life the weary Rambler paſt,
And found the peaceful ſepulchre at laſt.
The Actor, form'd by nature to excel,
Stoop'd to fate's exit—and the curtain fell.
Reynolds remain'd their friendſhip to deplore,
'Now Ugolino's ſorrows are no more.'

"The eaſy flow that marks the Roman School,
Where thought unfetter'd knows no ſilken rule;
The touch of Raphael that conveys a mind,
The grace of Titian waving unconfin'd;
Correggio's eaſe, and Guido's modeſt air,
With Buonaroth as a polar ſtar *.
Theſe, ſet aloft on Painting's matchleſs throne,
He ſcorn'd to copy—yet he made his own.
To Rubens' tints he gave a beauteous hue,
And added charms that Rubens never knew;

* Vide Sir Joſhua's laſt Lecture.

Warm'd

Warm'd the plain canvas with a thought unknown,
And with the picture's fame affix'd his own.
Farewell, thou firſt that Britain's School may boaſt,
From Genius parted, and to Science loſt.
May every laurel Reynolds planted grow,
With head reclin'd, the cynoſure of woe!
Each leaf ſhall catch the morn's ſoft breathing dew,
And drop it on the grave as tears for you.
Perhaps, in future times, ſome Bard may ſay,
Beneath this ſod the Britiſh Zeuxis lay.
Here fix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
Mould'ring in duſt is Reynolds' ſacred tomb." R.

From the Gentleman's Magazine:

"Epitaph on Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

" Thine, Reynolds, was the power, and thine alone,
To ſeize the varying form of every grace;
To add, to Nature, ſpirit all thine own,
And ſhew the mind, reſplendent, in the face!

" How ſtrong thy pencil when it warn'd the heart
By portray'd horrors of the guilty breaſt!
How ſoft, how ſweet, how delicate its art,
When infant-innocence its charms expreſs'd!

" When aged beauty hallows from her ſhrine
The glowing touches of thy magic hand,
What hues ethereal, and what fire divine,
At once our wonder and delight command!

" Imagination, ſkill, and knowledge join'd,
What could eſcape thy eye, elude thy art?
What radiant form, or what celeſtial mind,
Tranſcend the virtues of thy hand and heart?

" Yes, though thy Genius glanc'd from earth to Heaven,
And caught bright glimpſes ev'n of things divine;
Yet to a mortal hand 'twas never given
To trace the Seraph's form, which now is thine."

T. S. W.

From a Morning Paper:

" As an Artiſt, no praiſe can be too high for his taſte, feeling, imagination, grace, and ſublimity. The Engliſh School of Painting is, in a great degree, the growth of his admirable example, which was ſupported by great powers of literature in his excellent Diſcourſes, in which he treats his favourite art with the depth of a philoſopher, the grace of the ſcholar, and the accuracy of the critic.

His converſation was remarkably elegant, affable, enlightened, and intelligent; and if he, in general, reſerved his opinions with reſpect to matters of art, it muſt be aſcribed chiefly to his knowledge of mankind, who too often ſport with ingenuouſneſs, miſinterpreted candour and abuſe, the authority of a celebrated name.

It is to be hoped that all, who thwarted this great artiſt in ſome late unpleaſant controverſies at the Academy, will lay aſide their ill-judged animoſities, and cordially join in doing juſtice to his memory, and in paying the laſt honours to the remains of that man who has not left his equal in this or any country!"

The

The Will of Sir Joſhua Reynolds is dated November 5, 1791; it is written with his own hand, and begins as follows:

"As it is probable that I may ſhortly be deprived of my ſight, and be incapable of executing any formal will, I deſire that the following memorandum may be conſidered as my laſt will and teſtament.

"I commend my ſoul to God, in humble hopes of his mercy, and my body to the earth."

Sir Joſhua then wills to his niece, Miſs Palmer, all his property real and perſonal, not otherwiſe diſpoſed of in the memorandum; ſpecifying, that this bequeſt includes his houſe at Richmond, his houſe in Leiceſter-Fields, his money in the funds, and all his pictures, furniture, books, and plate.

To Mrs. Gwatkin, ten-thouſand pounds, 3 per cent. conſols.

To his ſiſter, Frances Reynolds, the intereſt of 2,500l. to be placed in the funds, the principal to devolve, at her deceaſe, to Miſs Palmer.

To the Right Hon. Edmund Burke 2000l. beſides the 2000l. before lent to him; the bond for which ſum, and for the intereſt, he deſires may be null and void.

To the Earl of Upper Oſſory, the choice of any picture of his (Sir Joſhua's) painting.

To Lord Palmerſton, the ſecond choice.

To Sir Abraham Hume, Bart. the choice of his Claude Lorraine.

To Sir George Beamont, the "Return of the Ark," by Sebaſtian Bourdon.

To Mr. Burke, Mr. Metcalfe, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Boſwell, 200l. each, to be expended, if they think proper, in the purchaſe of a picture for each, at the ſale of his paintings, to be kept for his ſake.

To

To Mr. Maſon, his Miniature of Milton, by Cooper *.

His miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by Cooper, to Richard Burke, junior, Eſq.

To his nephew, William Johnſon, of Calcutta, his watch and ſeals.

To the Duke of Portland, his picture of the Angel Contemplation, being the upper part of the Nativity.

To Mrs. Bunbury, the portrait of her ſon.

To Mrs. Gwyn, her own portrait, with a turban.

To his old and faithful ſervant, Ralph Kirkley, who had lived with him upwards of 30 years, 1000 l.

His Executors are, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, Edmond Malone, and Philip Metcalfe, Eſqrs.

The Will was proved in Doctors-Commons the 28th of February, 1792.

The property bequeathed by Sir Joſhua Reynolds amounts to no leſs value, in money and funded property, than 60,000 l. His houſes and pictures are expected to produce 20,000 l. in addition.

Sir Joſhua Reynolds died a Bachelor. One of the morning papers obſerved, "that he had left no children behind him but the offspring of his *Fancy*, and that he beſtowed on them riches that will be more eſtimable than ſilver or gold!"

The funeral expences are to be defrayed out of the funds of the Royal Academy.

A few days after the interment, the executors and family of Sir Joſhua Reynolds ſent a very polite acknowledgement to thoſe who attended the funeral. It was a funeral card, deſigned by Burney, and engraved by Bartolozzi; and repreſents a weeping Muſe, leaning upon a monument, on the top of which is a pallet, pencils, and reſt-ſtick. A Genius at the corner leans upon an

* See p. 118.

inverted and extinguiſhed torch, and appears in the act of climbing to read the inſcription on the monument, which is,

"Succedat fama, vivuſque per ora feretur."

Beneath the engraving is inſcribed—"The Executors and Family of Sir Joſhua Reynolds return thanks for the tribute of reſpect paid to departed Genius and Virtue, by your attendance at the funeral of that illuſtrious Painter and moſt amiable man, on Saturday, March 3, 1792."

Genius is to be called forward in the execution of a monument to this diſtinguiſhed character—no expence will be ſpared to render it the *ne plus ultra* of the chiſſel. It has been obſerved, in the execution of Shakſpeare's monument by Scheemaker, that the very

"—— marble emulates his power to pleaſe;
With graceful attitude, and aſpect mild,
Expreſſing native dignity and eaſe *."

This monument to Sir Joſhua is to be erected in the Cathedral of St. Paul, near to that of his illuſtrious friend Dr. Samuel Johnſon. Mr. Burke, it is reported, will write the Epitaph.

Dr. Douglas, Biſhop of Saliſbury, has been admitted a Member of the Literary Club at Parſloe's, to fill the vacancy occaſioned by the death of its founder, Sir Joſhua Reynolds. He was propoſed by Mr. Fox and Mr. Malone.

Mr. Romney is to ſucceed Sir Joſhua Reynolds as Serjeant-painter to his Majeſty.

* "Here Fancy ſat (her dewy fingers cold,
Decking with flow'rets freſh th'unſullied ſod),
And bath'd with tears the ſad ſepulchral mold,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and laſt abode." —

Mr. Laurence is appointed principal Painter in ordinary to his Majeſty, in the room of Sir Joſhua. And,

On Saturday the 24th of March, the Academicians aſſembled at Somerſet-houſe for the purpoſe of receiving his Majeſty's approbation of the election of Benjamin Weſt, Eſq. as Preſident. Mr. Weſt, from the chair, made an addreſs of gratitude to the Academy, for having elected him to a ſituation of ſo much honour, particularly after it had been ſo ably occupied by the late excellent Artiſt, whoſe death was to be lamented by all admirers of Genius, Learning, and Private Worth. He had the pleaſure to ſay, that the choice they had made was highly acceptable to the illuſtrious Perſonage whoſe approbation had been ſignified to the Academy. He aſſured them, that it would be his pride, as well as duty, to maintain the credit of the Academy, and promote the welfare of the Arts it was intended to protect, by the full exertion of thoſe powers which he poſſeſſed; and that, where he fell ſhort, it muſt be imputed to natural deficiencies, not want of induſtry or zeal. He concluded with ſaying, "Therefore, gentlemen, not on account of any perſonal merits on my part, but to do honour to the office to which you have ſo kindly elected me, I ſhall preſume in future to *wear my hat* in this Aſſembly." The auditors did juſtice to theſe ſentiments, by a general applauſe at the concluſion.

In Mar 1867. the identical picture was sold at Christies for 1 having many actually Grotesque figures congregated and grouped as it were for dramatic effect. — from the same Collection came 2 lovely examples by R. Wilson which however were not sold. only 240 bid for them.

SINCE the foregoing pages have gone to the preſs, I have met with the few following additional particulars reſpecting Sir Joſhua Reynolds:

"At Rome he painted ſome caricatures of the Engliſh gentlemen then there, with their own conſent we believe—it was much the mode at that time. He particularly painted one that is a ſort of *parody* on Raphael's School of Athens, in which all his Engliſh acquaintances then at Rome were introduced. This picture is eſteemed a great curioſity by the owner, whoſe portrait it contains, with near thirty others. It is in the poſſeſſion of Joſeph Henry, eſq. of Straffan, in Ireland."

"Sir Joſhua's prices were:

About 1755, for a head, 12 guineas.

Soon after 1760, 25 guineas.

About 1770, 35 guineas.

From 1779, till he ceaſed to paint, 50 guineas.

Half and whole lengths in proportion."

"Sir Joſhua Reynolds, the great painter of the preſent age, had the firſt fondneſs for his art excited by the peruſal of Richardſon's treatiſe." *Johnſon's Life of Cowley.*

In a note on a paſſage in the laſt ſcene of King Lear, Mr. Malone, in his late edition of Shakſpeare, ſpeaks thus highly of Sir Joſhua: "It is not without reluctance that I expreſs my diſſent from the friend whoſe name is ſubſcribed to the preceding note, whoſe obſervations on all ſubjects of criticiſm and taſte are ſo ingenious and juſt, that poſterity may be at a loſs to determine, whether his conſummate ſkill and execution in his own art, or his judgement in that and other kindred arts, were ſuperior."

"Mr

"Mr. Malone, we are glad to announce, intends ſhortly to put to the preſs a complete and corrected edition of Sir Joſhua Reynolds's Works, including his Diſcourſes, his Notes on Du Freſnoy, his Idlers, and Obſervations made in a Tour to the Low Countries in 1781, which have never yet been publiſhed, and contain many curious remarks on the principal painters of the Flemiſh ſchool."

All the above particulars I have ſelected from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April laſt.

"He was ever of opinion, that his deſtination of mind to painting was occaſioned by the accidental peruſal of Richardſon's Treatiſe on that Art when he was very young. Some Frontiſpieces to the Lives of Plutarch are ſtill preſerved by ſome of his relations, as ſpecimens of his early predilection for his art, and of the promiſe that he gave of becoming eminent in it."

"Mr. Hudſon the painter, amongſt other advice that he gave him, recommended him to copy Guerano's drawings. This he did with ſuch ſkill, that many of them are now preſerved in the cabinets of the curious in this country, as the originals of that very great maſter."

"Of Sir Joſhua's moral and intellectual character, who ſhall preſume to ſpeak after Mr. Burke's eloquent and accurate delineation of it! It is the eulogium of Apelles pronounced by Pericles; and to attempt to add to it would be to riſque the ſame cenſure that would be paſſed upon an inferior artiſt who ſhould preſume to retouch one of Sir Joſhua's own pictures." *European Magazine.*

"———— the moſt amiable and judicious friend, whom we and the publick have lately had the irreparable misfortune to loſe, Sir Joſhua Reynolds." *Mr. Malone's Letter to Dr. Farmer.*

It

It is added here, on the beſt authority, that Sir Joſhua Reynolds was himſelf the writer of the ingenious Letter in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791, p. 603, on the miniature picture of Milton, which he has bequeathed to Mr. Maſon.

FINIS.